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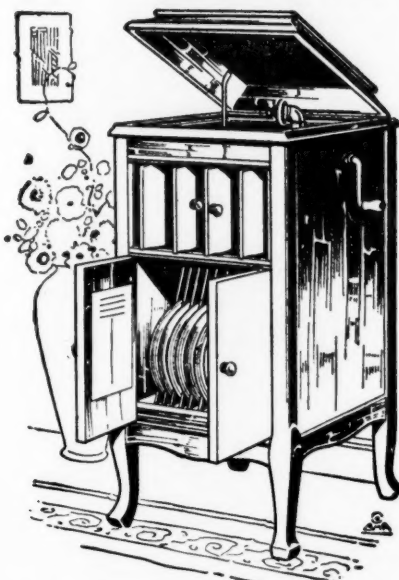
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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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Thanksgiving

By W. M. R.

MAN should not despair confronting man's own horrible handiwork in the world to-day. There is a soul of goodness in things evil. Back of the huge spectacle of destruction and cruelty the human spirit is working for better things to be when the passions now loosed upon the earth shall have burned much social and political dross away. Men are fighting for freedom. Whatever the malign motives of those who started this conflict the fact remains that the war has got away from its inaugurators, and its purposes are exalted far above those with which it began. Out of the war will come by strange and bloody ways a world yielding more of its good to the common man. The Bolsheviks, madly extreme as they are, have given to the war its ultimate meaning. Since Russia declared for no annexations and no indemnities, conquest is out of the question. The United States supports the Russian popular conception of the war and will see it through on that line. The people of Great Britain are not out for more colonies. When the boys come home from the various fronts they will insist upon a share in the British soil for which they suffered. They will proceed to the peaceful conquest of the land that belongs to them but is held by others. They will recapture opportunity that has been slowly filched from them through centuries. Our American soldiers will return with the question in their hearts as to how much of the democracy they fought to preserve is theirs. No more here than in Great Britain will the returned soldier submit to being an alien in the land of his birth. He will demand that democracy be reduced from the abstract to the concrete. Belgium will be restored to the Belgians and Alsace-Lorraine to France. Nations will be freed from the rule of other nations and individuals from servitude to the overlords of the land. Germany will partake of the benefits of the war. The German people will see the truth and justice of Bolshevik anarchism groping towards a fairer order. They will understand gradually what the United States means by entering the war against their country. Even now there are the faint beginnings of popular control over German affairs. The objective of German rulers in the starting of the war has vanished. Germany is fighting for a place in the family of nations, from which her crimes might well debar her. She wants most now to be assured that after the war she shall not be the world's pariah. Germany echoes the Russian cry of no indemnities and no annexations, but she will have to give up what she has seized. Italy is coming to a modification of her demands for Austrian territory, for the seizure of Austrian ports. Back of all the armies and permeating them is a popular feeling that the war shall be settled in the interests of the common people rather than in furtherance of the ambitions of governments. The American Federation of Labor declares that the workers of the world must be represented in the congress at which peace shall be ratified. The peace that will be signed will be a peace of peoples, not a peace of the Great Powers. To that the alternative will be world-wide revolution after the war. What has happened in Russia is implicit in the conditions of the people in all the nations under arms. The war has opened the eyes of the people. They will bend it to their own uses. And to-day every government in the vast emente is concerned chiefly with the problem of how to hold labor at its tasks until the slaughter shall have ended, and they see

but one way, namely, to devolute government from the possession of the few to the hands, heads and hearts of the many. This is what engages the thought of the governments in Great Britain, France, Italy, the United States and Germany. From the masses there is one common declaration: no war after the war; free seas; free land, free trade in the ultimate, all these being indispensable to free men. For freedom the world is paying a staggering price, but freedom will come. Back of the war is the one thought—peace. And peace can be only when peoples and persons are not set against one another by the necessity of struggling for the right to live, which is the right to work. All governments are precarious to-day. Their one hope of safety and persistence lies in getting back to the people and relinquishing to the workers the full fruits of their labors. The world is madly engaged in smashing the old particularist civilization for the universalist earth. But a reason works behind the madness. Out of death is springing a larger, freer, better life. Out of ruin a grander social structure is arising. Out of hate, we well believe and even see, is coming love. Humanity suffers a terrible attrition, slowly turning to contrition, for its sins, and is undergoing a ghastly expiation that is, at the same time, a purification. The spirit of man is invincibly set on the path to justice in freedom and will win thereto through all the agonies that have befallen or may befall because it has forgot or denied its own divinity. The peoples will rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves to grander things. In this hope and faith there is cause for thanksgiving in this country and indeed in all others.

♦♦♦♦

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

The War Council's First Duty

THE United States has one prime duty in the great war council now in session. That duty is to stand forth squarely not alone for the unification of military strategy and tactics, but unification of political purpose. Lacking the latter, unified military and naval effort will pull apart, will go to pieces. The allies must agree upon their objects. We are not fighting for Italian mastery of the Adriatic, nor for Great Britain's absorption of the German colonies. France fights for Alsace and Lorraine, but does Great Britain or Italy care supremely for that? What projects of empire in the east are shaping up behind the battle lines? These questions are the cause of the different allies going it alone. They explain why the allies have never once been able to strike the enemy simultaneously. This is what has enabled Germany to force the fighting. Rivalries of post-bellum purpose divide the foes of Germany and more division might enable Germany to conquer. Russia is the only European country that has repudiated the purpose of territorial gain. Until all the allies join with the United States in a self-denying ordinance with regard to aggrandizement there will be a reason for Germany's preservation of her morale. The War Council should organize and co-ordinate the war of course, but it should eliminate the conflict of ambitions among its own members. By doing this the allies would incalculably intensify the movement for peace in Germany and shorten the war. The United States is in the war for democracy, not for territory. The United States will have to win the war, with ships, food, men. Therefore the United States in the War Council

must insist upon the harmonization of the political purposes of our co-belligerents and the only way to harmonize them is by the prompt defenestration of every proposal of profit to the participants in the outcome. The way to peace is through military unification of purpose, and military unification can come only through political unification on the basis of this country's declaration of the object of the war. The war will be ended quicker when the people are assured that there are no ulterior motives back of the glittering generalities about autocracy and democracy. And it is because David Lloyd-George believes in political unification by elimination of aggrandizement, that the Tories in Great Britain were ready a few days ago to turn him out of office. Only the approval of his policy by the United States prevented the overthrow of the resourceful premier on this issue, by those Britons who hate him not because of his war policy, but because with all his shameless opportunism he is driving for democracy. He says that this is no war for the partitioning of the planet among the privileged classes and that is what President Wilson says. Without the United States the war cannot be won, and so the Tories who would rather lose the war than see democracy spread in Great Britain, the classes that prefer the German system to the prospect of co-operation with the forces that overthrew the Romanoffs must for a time tolerate Lloyd-George and his brutal frankness of criticism on the conduct of the war. The War Council must abjure all imperialism as the first step towards winning the war for a permanent peace. If it does not, the allies may lose the support of the people who are behind the governments.

♦♦

My Convert

My fifteen years of preaching the principles of the Single Tax in these parts have not been in vain. I have converted the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, and

(Continued on page 745)

♦♦♦♦

What I've Been Reading

By W. M. R.

OF recent books I should say that the most notable and distinguished in a general way is Hamlin Garland's "A Son of the Middle Border" (Macmillan, New York), first because it is literature and then because it is a chapter of social history that aids one in understanding this country. I should say it is somewhat of a prose epic. It tells the story of the pioneers following the lure of the land and never finding it. It depicts an agony fitfully lightened by visions of beauty. It tells the story of a man's aspirations for the larger life and the attainment of it, in a measure—an attainment the first fruits of which went to the comforting of the declining years of the author's parents, giving them rest after long labors. Mr. Garland's is among the first of our latter-day autobiographies. It is a sort of parallel performance to Brand Whitlock's "Forty Years of It." It is a supplementary document to the life story of that pungent person, Charles Francis Adams. "A Son of the Middle Border" explains perfectly the politics and economics of the west that has been accumulating power since 1892 and demonstrated it most convincingly in the second election of Woodrow Wilson. But over and above its historical and sociological values the book is in many places a work of rare literary art. If there are other places where it is prosaic we must remember that the contrast is a relief. And it is perhaps only fair to the author to say that his object was not so much to produce a work of flawless art, but rather a complete impression of the life he describes. Prose is not an unimportant part of life after all.

♦

In the novel "The Three Black Penneys" (Alfred A. Knopf, New York) by Joseph Hergesheimer, I found a work in fiction which all reviewers should hail as of shining distinction. The book has a passion that is most compelling, a deep-running in-

tensity. It has a darkling beauty. The style of the writing is marked by a kind of careless preciousness that is most fascinating. There is a richness of tone that goes with its firmness of fibre too. By all of which I am not surprised, for I had read a previous novel by Hergesheimer, "The Lay Anthony," in which he achieved effects that I can only express by saying that they gave with refinement of art much of the quality of Theodore Dreiser's first novel, "Sister Carrie." In "The Three Black Penneys," Hergesheimer gives us a study in heredity against the background of the beginnings in Pennsylvania of the American steel industry. Something of the general stress and heat and in a way the clamor of the mills enters into the story that runs through three generations. First far back a wilful pioneer man has his way with a light woman of the high London world. Then his son has his way with a coarser girl and is thereby disappointed and defeated of better things. Finally there is a black Penney who is merely a dilettante and dabbler at things, and he is utterly helpless before the recurrence of the wilfulness of the earlier Penneys in other descendants, one of them of the left hand. Here at the end a woman has her will even more lawlessly than the first Penney of the history. No one who reads the book can fail to compare it with Galsworthy's "The Dark Flower," but "The Three Black Penneys" is a greater book in that it takes in more of life. Joseph Hergesheimer enters more into his book than does Galsworthy. He has a gusto for the play he puts before us, but it is not a riotous gusto. Where and when he deals with the glory of the world and the wonder of the human heart he is the more effective for his restraint, for his exquisite modulations. Though he is realist enough there is something exotic about his work. In displaying character he is masterful without too much detail. He makes you feel his people rather than see them. I don't know that his presentation of heredity accords with the Mendelian law, but I know that he makes very vital at least three men and as many women. He does it all, too, in a distinguished fashion, as one sure of his grasp and touch. The book has a consistent tonality, a satisfying completeness. It commands the reader's admiration for its artistry and unrelaxingly engages his deeper sympathies.

♦

The poetry books are still coming strong. A few I have picked out as compelling recognition. First there are Sara Teasdale's "Love Songs" (Macmillan, New York). Miss Teasdale is of the MIRROR school, but she is a poet of all the world that loves a lover. I would class her with such singers as Burns and Heine and Tom Moore. She is so simple as to be elemental, though never in the sense in which elemental has been used of late years. Love in her song never storms nor rages. It is always pure, never soiled. It is sometimes sad—indeed it is saddest at its sweetest, having something at the last of the insatiability of *Sappho*, though here again without any implications of anarchical import. All the moods of love that are—well, decorous, this poet sings with a peculiar poignancy. Her songs are often as faint almost as a sigh, and then they have a quality of virginal passionateness. They are personal with a universality of appeal. In reading them you live in one of those sweet hours when pleasant scenes bring sad thoughts to the mind. The words fall into order with an entrancing inevitability and appropriateness. Her songs are as nearly perfect as any songs may be. Their melody ever befits their thought. In fine, no one can read them without being, for the time, a lover with the singer, such is their power of evocation, with little hurts in their happiness, and little glints and gleams of joy in their grief. For wistful, tristful tenderness of lyric art Sara Teasdale is unapproachable.

♦

Another poet whose work has much impressed me is Mr. Witter Bynner. "Grenstone Poems" (Stokes, New York) is a book to be enjoyed by

anyone who cares for the lyric. It is quite a large book, with a generous range of subject—a range centered by one personality, *Celia*. We do not meet or even see *Celia*, but there she is inescapably all through the book, its inspiration, its unifying element. The poet never forgets her for long. Whithersoever he may stray with the muse, to *Celia* he returns, or rather I should say he carries her with him ever in his mind and heart. The effect of all this is most charming, with its little touch of lingering pathos. But this lover-singer has an infinity of interests—anything that is human. He is now an exquisite, a dandy, a toyer with life, but again he sees and seizes it with not a little of the vigor and stark realist philosophy of Masters or the cynic-cryptic tolerance of Robinson. I apprehend his village of Grenstone from his multitudinous references to be a kind of Vermont or New Hampshire complement of Spoon River—a place, let us say, gone to seed just a bit. Bynner has an eye for character and sometimes he handles it in a way to recall Browning. In simple, impressionistic lyricism he is so good that there is no depreciation implied in discovering similarities to "A Shropshire Lad." There is humor abundant in these "Grenstone Poems" and many an epigram that the last best epigrammatist William Watson might rejoice to have written. For a free-verse poem that is all a free-verse poem should be, let me commend "The Circus." There are some felicitously wrought sapphics in this volume, and very few are those who can write sapphics that do not limp disconcertingly. This poet is in touch with the spirit of the time. The world's problems come into the book—come in poetically, not blighting as sociology. They are the setting for the theme, which is *Celia*—*Celia* met and loved at Grenstone, and *Celia* going back there to die. The story of *Celia* is not so much told as implied with recurrent touches, but its essence colors everything in the book. The colors are not flaming, they are more like those of Puvis; but they are far from being merely decorative. With Bynner's sympathies goes an appreciation of irony. The irony occasionally gets mixed up with the sympathy in an unique and attractive literary amalgam. There are 307 pages of "Grenstone Poems," but there is no waste of words in them. Bynner is stingy of words. He sometimes condenses too much and hobbles his thought thereby. There's a wonderful deal of life in his verses. It is life as understood by a person in whom culture has not chilled the genial current of the soul. The reader is stimulated by a variety that is not violent and soothed by the gentleness of spirit of the poet who has loved and lost. I shall go back again to "Grenstone," and so will anyone who once reads Mr. Bynner's book.

♦

Most distinctive of our poets is Vachel Lindsay. There is none like him anywhere. His "The Chinese Nightingale" (Macmillan, New York) is a remarkable book of poems. Lindsay doesn't write poetry like other people. He is a poet who tries to get onomatopoeic effects upon a large scale. His "Congo" was a combination of a voodoo dance and a cake-walk. When he wrote about a turn-out of the fire department he wrote in words to suggest the bells and gongs, the clatter of hoof-beats, the scurrying of crowds to see the engines go by. His "Chinese Nightingale" is a reproduction of Chinatown sights and a repercussion of Chinatown sounds. The sounds seem not more important than the ideas, but necessary to convey the ideas. He creates a rhythmic atmosphere that is populous with suggestions. When he writes a song about Keren-sky his verses have the characteristics of the soap-box orator on the street corner. You get the sense of the great confusion in Petrograd. You hear "all the people and the nations in processions mad and great, rolling through the Russian soul as through a city gate—as though it were a street of stars that paves the shadowy deep; and mighty Tolstoy leads the van along the stairway steep." As remarkable as the "Chinese Nightingale" or the song for Keren-sky is "The Tale of the Tiger Tree." This is a

gorgeous and sonorous piece of symbolism, none the less hypnotic in effect for that the reader does not quite comprehend what is symbolized. Lindsay at his most Lindsayesque has ever a highly barbaric note. His poem "The Raft" is about Mark Twain and it carries the reader along ever as if he were borne upon the bosom of Mark's own Mississippi. His poem-games are not always pellucidly clear, but probably the more effective for that. I should say that "The Potatoes' Dance" would be intelligible if acted as a chanted charade. "The Ghosts of the Buffaloes" and "The King of Yellow Butterflies" illustrate extreme limits of this genius to whom Springfield, Ills., is the center of the universe. Lindsay is a small-town man with a mind that soars and sweeps in strange gyres. To read him is to recall two glorious madmen, Blake and Christopher Smart. Lindsay is a naturalist and mystic. He is a slave to sound, but he is moved by visions. At his best he is nothing less than ecstatic and as a reciter of his own poems, corybantic. Time and again in his briefer poems he recalls "Songs of Innocence." Then he does a poem occasionally that smacks of the character-actor—like "How Samson Bore Away the Gates of Gaza," supposed to be a negro sermon. A like note is struck in a poem to Booker Washington. Lindsay's poems are volatile. They somehow seem to lack a center, they swim and swing and sway about like clouds, but the clouds are of fantastic shape and gloriously tinted. Sometimes they flash forth lightning. Lindsay's poetry is ascetic mostly. There is little human passion in it, as a rule. He loves rather abstractly and remotely, except when it comes to children: then he is idyllic and ideal. He is a prohibitionist and a Socialist. His ethereal emotionalism is such that it absolves him of all regard for exact thought-content in his poems. I would say that he is a Shelley vaporized beyond even the Shelleyan intangibility of thought-substance at times. He conforms to no school of poetry. When tested by any of the rules of the art prosodic he goes to pieces, but after you have analyzed him, there he is—a true poet, a prophet, and, if you will, an hallucinant of visions and voices which he can impart to you. This book is full of the most inexplicable felicities and it is dedicated "to Sara Teasdale, Poet." It is as brilliantly inchoate as his former volume and as delightful. As you read you cannot help feeling that you see Lindsay dancing and hear him chanting his verses around the Springfield public square.

Still another book of poems of arresting quality is "Portraits and Protests" by Sarah N. Cleghorn (Holt, New York). There is much to love in it. Especially those portraits of men and women of New England. They are folk with a tradition. They have an old world grace. They have connotations of culture. They are associated with echoes of Tennyson, memories of Charles and Mary Lamb. Some of them have read "Love in a Valley." They understand references to Sir Joshua. They relate to the days when Lydia Huntley Sigourney was a popular poet, albeit forgotten now. There is in this book a fine poem to Jane Addams and another to William James. There is nothing to say of such poems as "Morrice Water," "Vermont," "A Puritan Lady's Garden," "Hesperides," "In a Far Township," not to mention others, but—read them. Everything in the book has a crystalline clarity and a crystal ring to it. In every poem there is a picture and the domestic atmosphere is rarefied, yet Mrs. Cleghorn's people live in it and are dearly human. They are people who have poise of soul. Those poems that deal with time and immortality have a grave dignity. "Judge Me, Lord," is a piece of the higher hymnody. "Come, Captain Age" is a piece of free verse that has a classic echo in it. In the section of "Protests," Mrs. Cleghorn utters her indignation. Whom would you name for hero of a poem entitled "The Poltroon?" It is Jesus. Mrs. Cleghorn is a pacifist, evidently; a non-resister. "Peace Hath Her Belgiums"—there's a title that tells a whole gospel. Rhythmically the

horror and iniquity of vivisection are denounced. Bitter is her scorn for priests and levites. The last lines of the last poem in the book speak to the trades unionists: "Let no Local him refuse! Comrade Jesus hath paid his dues. Whatever other be debarred, Comrade Jesus hath his red card." For myself, I like not the protests so well as the portraits. As protests they are better than as poems. It is ever thus, I think. Much better to me are "The Parson's Daughters"—*Isabella, Sylvia and Mary Margaret*. The book as a whole is one that must cling to the memory of anyone who reads it. He may forget the protests because there are so many protestants abroad and so vocal, but he will remember the portraits for their poetry, perfect in its clear, calm, friendly kind.

New York's Election Analyzed

By Nels B. Solveg

The Figures

THE following figures will help to explain the New York situation. The city has 750,000 registered voters; 375,000 enroll as Democrats, 250,000 as Republicans, 40,000 as Socialists, Prohibitionists, etc., and 80,000 give no party affiliation. These figures and the following votes for candidates are given in round numbers. In the recent election, Hylan received 297,000; Mitchel, 148,000; Hillquit (Socialist), 142,000; Bennett (Republican), 52,000. The discrepancy between the total of these votes and the registration is accounted for by the soldier vote not yet reported, and absentees.

Now that the votes have been counted and John F. Hylan elected mayor of New York by the largest plurality ever given any candidate for that office in the history of the city, intelligent people will want to know what it all means.

It was an election of superlatives. Not alone did Hylan receive the largest plurality after making the dumbest campaign, but the Socialist vote was the biggest ever, and the vote for woman suffrage was the biggest ever cast—and though we are at war, and party and racial passions were supposed to be running high, it was the quietest election in the history of the city.

When we have disposed of these general statements, we find that although Judge Hylan's plurality was great, he lacks 75,000 votes of being a majority mayor, and about the same number of votes of polling the full vote of his party. With the soldier vote added, it will still be true that if 325,000 citizens wanted him for mayor, 425,000 preferred some other candidates. Of course the same is true of Mitchel, only more so. Only about 150,000 voters (about one in every five) sustained the "best administration New York ever had." The Socialists polled as many votes for their candidate, Hillquit; Bennett, the regular Republican candidate, only polled 52,000. His party simply refused to support him. All of these different groups supported Mitchel four years ago. Had they stood together this year Hylan could not have won.

The Rival Candidates

John F. Hylan is a political figure of a type that democracies delight to honor. Nothing endears a man to the masses like the story of the young man actually earning his living by the labor of his hands, and then rising to be a judge! Judge Hylan was a brakeman. He early attracted the attention of the late State Senator McCarren, one of the most likeable personally and most unspeakable politically of the Democratic leaders of his day, and has since served without special distinction on the bench of two of the lower courts. Many dubious professional connections were alleged against him during the campaign, but he was probably no worse than most struggling young lawyers. He was certainly no better. His campaign managers insisted that he should say nothing during the campaign except what they "doped out" for him. And so the city was for the first time confronted with a candidate who refused to answer questions and read uninspiring

essays to apathetic audiences. He answered none of the charges leveled against him, except to aver his loyalty, and point to his father, who fought in '61. Impartial observers report him slow-witted, impervious to criticism, and without capacity for the administrative detail which he will now have to tackle. Why was he chosen? He was the only one of several candidates put forth by Tammany Hall whom Hearst would agree to support.

John Purroy Mitchel has been so long before the public that further information about him may be superfluous. He, too, is a self-made man. He started without any special advantage, except a good education. His father was in the fire department. He had no money to start with. His ten years in public life have only yielded him enough to live on, if so much. He is the best-equipped municipal mechanic that New York has had among her rulers. He chose his aides, as such a man naturally would, with reference to the work they had to do, and not with a view to political services rendered or expected. Yet four out of five citizens of New York did not want him for another term. Why?

Many reasons are given. A few will suffice. The mass of people is indifferent to municipal government, unless intolerable scandals develop. They take an interest in punishing, but rarely in rewarding. They delight to turn the rascals out, but display only a languid interest in the retention of good servants. Demos wants his vanity judiciously tickled, just like any other potentate. Mitchel consciously or unconsciously played to the boxes and ignored the gallery. He was so little of a demagogue that he incurred the charge of being a toady. The necessary work of his office absorbed so much of his time and energy that he thought he might spend his spare time as he pleased. He is still a young man for all that his hair is greying, and he sought his entertainment among those who could entertain him best. When he, or his secretary, made up committees for important occasions, they read like pages from the social directory. And so the legend of his aristocratic leanings spread. Yet his administration did more to help the "down-and-outs" and to smooth the path of those whom misfortune made the city's wards, than any three of his predecessors. He got no credit for this. The proletariat remembered that he danced the tango and rode in Mr. Vanderbilt's car, and relentlessly turned its multiple thumbs down.

Hillquit (or Hilkovitz, as I believe it should be spelled) is an extremely able, clear-headed lawyer, and much the richest man of the four contenders, probably, also, the most cultivated. He was nominated because he is the boss of the Socialist machine in New York state. He made an effective campaign but his arguments were opportunist and not Socialist.

Bennett, the Republican nominee, merits no more than a word of description—a lawyer, like all his four opponents, he had been twice elected to the state senate from a safe Republican district. In a body chiefly conspicuous for its mediocrity, he achieved some attention as a universal objector. He carried his party primary against Mitchel, a Democrat, not because anybody wanted him, but because he formed a rallying point for anti-Mitchel Republicans, who enjoyed the secret support of the Republican governor, Chas. S. Whitman. He polled less than twenty per cent of the enrolled vote of his party, so he will probably disappear from the political stage.

The Rival Policies

The Democratic campaign was based entirely on criticism of Fusion extravagance, the Gary school system, and a proposed contract between the city and the New York Central Railroad for the relocation of certain of its tracks within the city limits. It is needless to go into the merits of these questions. No intelligent man regarded these charges as being anything more than campaign ammunition. The majority had made up its mind to vote against Mitchel, and was pleased to find pretexts for its actions. The only affirmative policy proposed

was contained in a plank in the platform declaring for municipal ownership and operation of public utilities. It was scarcely adverted to during the campaign by any Democratic speaker. The Fusion people asked for a bill of particulars—where the money was to be found. Much speculation was indulged in, as to the reason for such a pronouncement by a body under such notorious obligations to the public service interests as Tammany Hall. Two suppositions were advanced—one, that there were some public services which the high cost of materials and labor had rendered unprofitable and which their owners would like to unload on the city on their own terms, and the other, that Tammany wished to punish some financiers for supporting Mitchel. Time alone will tell which theory is correct. That Tammany has been really converted to municipal ownership, no one believes.

The Fusion group relied for their campaign on spreading broadcast the record of the administration. Their campaign "literature" was excellent. It nearly justified its designation. But only a few seem to have read it. They also featured the mayor as a sort of superpatriot. Indeed it is not much of a secret that Mitchel's undoubted coldness to Wilson during the national campaign proceeded from his disapproval of the President's pacifism—if indeed it is permissible to apply so invidious a term to any position taken by our commander-in-chief.

The Socialists offered a municipal Utopia, without even a hint of ways-and-means. Also peace at almost any price. It was this latter proposal that brought them most of their added vote. It must have been a bitter choice for our German fellow-citizens who are our most distinctively small-property-owning class, to support a party which attacks the rights of men to property, but their loyalty to the fatherland was strong enough to stand this test. To the Jews is given the credit for the large Socialist vote polled. Undoubtedly they contributed largely to it, but it was the Germans who gave the big addition. In a suburban election district in which a Socialist vote was never polled before, and in which only one Jew is known to reside, twenty-six Socialist votes were polled—about the number of German families in the district. This fact raises a well-founded doubt as to whether the sudden and great Socialist gain is a permanent vote, or a passing protest.

It would leave the story incomplete to omit the policy on which the Republican candidate based his claim to public support, but I have not been able to find out and so must leave a hiatus at this point.

ANALYSIS OF VOTE FOR CANDIDATES.

| | Dem. | Rep. | Soc. | Total |
|----------|---------|---------|--------|---------|
| Hylan | 225,000 | 100,000 | | 325,000 |
| Mitchel | 110,000 | 55,000 | | 165,000 |
| Hillquit | 25,000 | 85,000 | 50,000 | 160,000 |
| Bennett | | 55,000 | | 55,000 |
| | | | | 705,000 |

Of course the figures given are approximations. The correct figures cannot be given until the soldier vote is announced, which will not be until late in December.

The Moral of the Result

Certain deductions can be safely drawn from the facts above cited. Bad government can be made a successful campaign argument to drive an administration from power. Good, technical administration is not a strong defence for an administration which is not personally popular. The people know much more clearly what they do *not* want than what they *do* desire. In voting, a complex mental operation has to be performed. If they want to get rid of a government that they do not like, the only way to do it is to vote into office another group of officials, whom they do not know that they are going to like any better. It is a case of King Log or King Stork. Three months ago Judge Hylan was a comparatively unknown man. He may be all that his admirers claim, but his campaign showed no evidence of mental grasp or administrative ability. Yet nearly three-sevenths of the voters have chosen

him to manage the greatest city in the world for the next four years. What they really did was to use him as an instrument to get rid of Mitchel. Anyone else would have served the same purpose equally well.

A Remedy Suggested

Can this condition be remedied? Perhaps the following suggestion may not be feasible, but it is worth considering. A referendum might be taken in municipal election years on the question "Shall the present administration be continued?" If any officials received an affirmative majority they would remain in office. Those who failed of a majority would be ineligible for renomination. Then at the regular election, the offices vacated by the referendum could be filled by a preferential ballot. The people could then act on the merits of the candidates presented, without having their choice complicated by the necessity of having to vote in such a way as to get rid of officials whom they do not like, which seems to be their present dominating motive. We would have a chance of getting elections determined affirmatively rather than negatively. We would not be obliged to take the Tiger, merely because we did not like the Lady, though in this we got them both, in New York.

♦♦♦♦♦

The Legal Mind

By Newton A. Fuessle

FENTONWOOD, during the three singularly happy years of his married life, had loved Olivia with the abandon that is only possible where one trusts his mate implicitly.

Then little by little, it began dawning upon him that her whole attitude toward him had become transformed. In a daze of bewildered concern, he strove to analyze the change, to divine its cause.

To-day, as his powerful enclosed car bore him smoothly toward their new home on the Heights, sombre thoughts wove through his mind. The whole wretched patch-work of the suspicions passed in review before him.

"It's impossible!" he shuddered.

Resolutely he endeavored to see her as the same perfect, flawless creature she had been to him. Yet he was uncannily aware that something had become like a curtain between them.

Fentonwood was very weary. He had spent the whole day in court, closing an important case. It was the celebrated Gas Case, the most significant franchise battle which had ever raged in the local courts. In his summing up for the corporation Fentonwood had to-day fought brilliantly.

He found Olivia seated dreaming in the shadow of the casement in the dimly-lit living-room—a slender enchanting wisp of a woman in that twilight hour.

"My dear!" said Fentonwood, crossing to her side. "Did I startle you?"

"No. I saw the car drive in," answered Olivia, rising. "You're late."

"Yes. I'm sorry. I talked longer than I expected. I shall have to finish my summing-up to-morrow," he added.

For a moment he stood regarding the pale beauty of her face. To him it had always been the most perfect of faces, each feature as flawless as though it had been a thing of dreams.

He bent over to kiss her. She evaded him. He tried again.

"Don't—be so rough!" she exclaimed, almost with a gasp.

Fentonwood drew back. He stood regarding his wife with a look of hurt reproof, and wistfulness, and wonder.

"I beg your pardon, I'm sure," he said, quietly. "If I've become so offensive to you all of a sudden, of course I shan't annoy you like this again."

"It isn't that, John—" she began.

"Then exactly what is it?"

He looked at her steadfastly, conscious once more

of a strange, new, subtle, evasive note in her grey eyes. And at once the whole haunting herd of suspicions, of uneasy speculations, closed in upon him again.

"You'd better get ready for dinner, dear," she said.

"Very well," he returned, and went to his room.

Fentonwood set about dressing for dinner with a dull heaviness of spirit. The strain of the past few weeks, culminating in the intensity of his long and important address to-day to the jury, had thrown him into an aggravating state of nerves which Olivia's conduct did nothing to relieve.

On his mahogany dresser stood his favorite picture of Olivia, a full-length panel in grey—artistic as she herself, one of those vague, elusive things, keyed to meet and fuse with one's inner image of the person portrayed. He stood gazing at the mouth, the eyes, the slender hand, the mist of hair.

Then he turned quickly away. Until to-morrow's tasks in the court-room were finished, he dared not think of Olivia—nor dwell upon the changed character of his relations with her. He dared not let himself go to pieces. He held his breath for a moment, as though to tighten the strap of will that bound his emotions together.

Dinner was half over before Fentonwood became aware of the spray of yellow roses in the center of the table.

"Golden Gates!" he observed. "How did you happen to order them?"

"Oh—the roses?" she replied, with an almost imperceptible start. "They're a gift. I meant to call your attention to them."

"A gift? From whom?"

"From Dr. Hewitt."

"How does it come that Dr. Hewitt is sending us flowers?" inquired Fentonwood.

"For no particular reason. Why shouldn't he?"

"Why should he?" persisted Fentonwood.

"Is there anything so singular for an old friend of ours to send flowers?" asked Olivia impatiently.

"Rather unusual for Hewitt. Very decent of him though," added Fentonwood lightly, aware of the flush on Olivia's face and of the willful flaring of her nostrils.

Could it be Hewitt? It seemed impossible. He was least in evidence at the house of any of their friends. A bachelor—so thoroughly wrapped up in his work that his name had never been mentioned in Fentonwood's hearing by even the most incorrigible and imaginative pantalooned gossip at any of his clubs.

"Absurd," he mused. Yet the face of the grey-haired, dignified, very professional physician kept floating before him in a mist of misgivings.

Olivia questioned her husband perfunctorily about his day in court. The other answered indifferently. For all day he had felt hurt and neglected because of his wife's failure to be present at the scene of his big effort. At last he burst out:

"My dear, why in heaven's name all this labored interest all of a sudden. You did not care enough to—"

"Oh, John," she interrupted, "I wanted to be there. You ought to know that. My thoughts were with you every second of the time—"

A short, biting laugh rang frostily from Fentonwood's lips.

The telephone bell rang. Fentonwood answered.

"You've got the wrong number," he said crisply.

On the telephone pad, he saw in Olivia's writing the notation: "A. H.—Garfield 7698."

He reached for the directory, began groping through the H's, found the Hewitts. His suspicions were quickly verified. Dr. Hewitt's number corresponded with the number on the pad. A feeling of dispossession sawed roughly into his sensitive spirit.

The discovery of the initials and number on the telephone pad gave jarring support to the evidence

already before the legal mind. As the evening wore on, he found himself staring at his wife. In the delicate tracery of her features he now perceived for the first time elements of cunning, of treachery.

Soon Olivia rose, obviously bored, excused herself and left the room, avoiding explanation with a cough.

Fentonwood boiled.

Later, when he paused at Olivia's door to bid her good night, she again avoided his lips and caught his kiss on her cheek.

Fentonwood closed the door of his own room behind him, swung open the casement window and stood gazing out over the dim, snowy outlines of sleeping homes. The pride he had felt in his new home, set in its placid environs, was gone. The mess he had made of his marriage jeered at him, sickened him. To expect loyalty from a pretty-faced woman was to be a primitive, unsophisticated, sentimental ass.

Then, to clear the machinery of his brain and nerves for the ordeal that awaited him to-morrow before the jury, he threw the windows wide open, let the rush of wintry air enter in tonic gallons, and crawled under his heavy blankets.

There was a hard, glittering vehemence of Fentonwood's effort the next day in court. His habitual vigor in action was to-day brilliantly brutal, and astounded even the men who had depended the most confidently upon his ability to hammer the jury into a mood to convict. But little did it occur to anybody in the thickly-peopled court-room from what hidden springs flowed Fentonwood's harsh and triumphant eloquence.

Five minutes after closing his address he was at the steering-wheel of his car, picking his way with skillful stealth through the thick gnarl of the street's afternoon traffic. The ruly obedience of the energetic engine impressed him with a certain masculinity. There was not a petulant note in its pick-up, not a whisper in the delivery of its stream of might to the rear wheels.

Already the trial was out of his mind. He was engrossed with another matter—an impending interview.

A ten-minute drive, and he disengaged his gears, threw in his brake and stepped out of his car in front of an uptown office building. The elevator bore him up and up with silken flight. He handed Dr. Arthur Hewitt's reception clerk his card, dropped into a leather chair, and took a deep breath of air, filled with its subtle pungency of medicine. There was a Persian richness in the room's rugs and colorings. His eyes kept returning vaguely to a statue of the "Winged Victory" which he could dimly see in a shadowy corner.

"I'm glad to see you, Fentonwood," said Dr. Hewitt, gravely, fifteen minutes later, extending a large, white, finely-shaped hand, which Fentonwood ignored.

"I think you know what I'm here for," began the latter incisively.

"I have a pretty good idea. I presume that Mrs. Fentonwood has told you."

"She has told me nothing," answered Olivia's husband.

"You guessed it."

"Yes," said Fentonwood dryly.

"I have urged her repeatedly, and in the strongest terms to tell you," continued the physician, crossing to the window with a tired step. "But Mrs. Fentonwood was particularly insistent that it be kept from you at least until you had completed your trial of this Gas Case."

"I dare say," put in Fentonwood with irony.

"She wouldn't hear of it. I give you my word," said the physician, wheeling abruptly and facing the other. She insisted that we put it off—insisted that it would upset you in your work."

"She was far too considerate."

"Every woman is. You know women."

"I used to think I did. But what an idiot I've been!" answered the lawyer. It was his first burst of bitterness. Eyeing Hewitt he felt like tearing him to pieces for his uncanny complaisance.

"Don't feel too uneasy," continued Hewitt quietly. "This thing is happening right along. You'd be surprised—"

"Being a lawyer, nothing surprises me," interrupted Fentonwood. "Besides, I happened to be fairly familiar with this particular disease. I find, however, that I have not been thoroughly enough versed in its symptoms," he finished, shading his sentence with a sneer.

"The symptoms, of course, are subtle," continued the doctor.

Fentonwood gazed with involuntary admiration at the other's superb poise.

"Hewitt," began Fentonwood pointedly, "would you mind telling me how far this thing has gone?"

"Pretty far," answered Hewitt without an instant's hesitation. "It is moderately advanced, I should say," he added thoughtfully.

"Moderately advanced!" repeated Fentonwood, staggered by Hewitt's calm assurance. "Well, what do you suggest," he rasped.

"There's just one thing to do. You must send her away. Six months—possibly a year—ought to get her back into shape. This thing isn't as bad as most people think. It can be cured."

"You swine!" hissed Fentonwood. "Send her away! Do you think I'm not man enough to give her up. She hasn't kissed me in a month. She hates me, despises me. She wouldn't even look in on my trial. I tell you she's through with me. You've poisoned her against me. And now you've got the gall to tell me to send her away. No, you're going to take her!"

Dr. Hewitt's face had grown whiter and whiter under the lash of Fentonwood's attack.

"Calm yourself," he now said, quietly. "You don't know what you're talking about. You've got everything twisted. Your wife has refused to kiss you or to sit in a stuffy court-room, by order of her physician. Mrs. Fentonwood's trouble is not of the heart, but of the lungs. It's not emotional; it's pulmonary. She has kept it from you because she loves you. Your wife has tuberculosis."

♦♦♦♦

Stitch and Purl

By Harry B. Kennon

NOT a word
Against knitters
Who invest

And infest
The Land;
For Virtue
Of Knitting,
As Sinfulness
Of Sin,
Depends on the Spirit
You goes
And does it in.
But
Will somebody
Whisper to Hoover
Or some Chap
In Power,
That the profits
Of patriot
Spinners of
Hand Yarn
Have been
And are
Out of all Sense
And Reason! . . .
Submitted to Knitters
And Purlers
As God's Truth—
Not Treason.

What Sam Gompers Said

By Chester M. Wright

WITH the world afire and upside down we may speculate upon a number of things. By speculating in future events we may gain a little knowledge—and every added bit of knowledge is a bit added to our defenses against future adversities, both personal and social.

I am writing on a typewriter built of parts made by men who work in mines and in machine shops. If it were not for the work of the men who dig coal and iron and who run lathes and work at annealing ovens I would be pushing a quill pen and scribbling out words that no printer could read. Let that, for the moment, be a bond between us. Let it stand for a commonality of interest.

You may be a machinist and I may be a writer of words. We both live in a nation that is at war. Let that be another bond between us. We are at war. If we are both alive when the war ends we shall face the same problems. Let us, then, talk for a bit about our common situation.

The day of isolation is gone—gone for individuals as well as for nations. A man may no longer be only a worker at a trade. He must be a factor in the shaping of world destinies.

The age of isolation has gone. The age of community effort has come. The age of individual selection has gone. The age of collective determination has come.

Another age, too, has gone. That is the age of materialism. In the half-dozen decades that have passed gross material interests have been the great ruling interests of the world. Materialism has been the gospel of the ruling classes. The idealists have been in the minority—a small minority.

The day of gross, brutal materialism has gone. The day of the idealist is here. Idealism is being bred in the trenches of Flanders, in the homes of France and England and Italy and America.

Life is full of paradoxes. Many a slum has produced a painter or a poet. Many a drunkard has fathered beautiful children.

The great war is lighting the fires of idealism across the mountains and plains of the world. The Great Destroyer is clearing the path for singers of inspiring songs and painters of wonderful pictures.

You can hear the word "democracy" on a thousand tongues to-day, where a year ago you would not have heard it on ten. Tens of thousands who a year ago did not know what the war was for, to-day know that it is for democracy, this new thing they have learned about.

Cave men who were a part of the granite and steel social system of yesterday, to-day know that this world thrill has got to come true. The word has rung 'round the world until it has battered its resonant, rhythmic way into nooks and corners where it was anything but welcome.

Even the democracies themselves know that there has got to be democracy when this war ends, for that's what we are fighting for! Not merely the democracy that is meant by casting ballots for officials that may turn out to be good or bad, but the democracy that gets into the hearts and homes of men and women, that means freedom and joy and security and a chance to express themselves for men and women, and that means a fair show in the world for little children. Not a business of mummery, but the real thing. A professor would tell you that the world is psychologized. What he would mean is that it has soaked into the souls of men. And any time you soak an idea into the souls that make up all the civilized nations of the world you want to begin figuring on having to reckon with that idea.

That's the big reason why the kaiser is doomed—and with him his idea of one-man rule, his idea of

brutality *über alles*, his autocratic system of government, his whole go-to-hell attitude toward the rest of humanity.

Now the people of the civilized world didn't get that big idea into their heads out of thin air. They didn't get this thing from nowhere. There had to be something back of it—and there was. There was fact back of it. There was the fact that the war had become actually a war for democracy against autocracy. The war had swung from a squabble over material things to a massive death struggle over ideas. It had swung from a mere fight to drive back an invader to a conquest to drive out a devil; it had become a drive of flaming souls to establish a new concept, a great ideal, a new social spirit!

Samuel Gompers has said, "This was a war; now it is a *crusade*!"

This is the story of an epoch in a sentence!

Wars may be fought for material things. *Crusades* are always for ideals!

And only as ideals are set up and imbedded in the human heart and made the measure of human practice and the center of social concepts do we win forward to higher civilizations.

And because this is so no man is any longer a lone individual concerned only about his own affairs, no man is apart by himself, no man is isolated. Each man is a world influence, either for good or bad, for progress or reaction.

Who is a machinist? Who is a painter? Who is a carpenter? Who, indeed, with the world on fire! Who, indeed, with the wreck of dead timbers crashing about him, and with the new green of fresh things growing by leaps to replace them! No man is any of those things to-day—not *just* those; he is much more. He is a mechanic at work on a new world, wrecking and rebuilding, smashing and creating, tearing away grossness that he may weave out of dreams!

Men are dying by the thousand. Some curse the war for the life it costs. That is wrong. God bless the men for the lives they give. That is right! Was it Victor Hugo who said that a human life has no value except as it contributes to the social good? Glorious are the lives that go out over there!

What good am I if I am no good to the world? I am the most good when I give most to the world. If to give life is to give the most, then they who give their lives over there are the world's pure gold!

World progress, the birth and death of eras, has never been a thing for pale sentimentalists or yellow cowards. It has always been a thing of red blood and courage—a thing of life and death; death that there might be life!

So is this great world tumult, this great social cyclone.

This is the day of the man who gives; the day of the man who takes has gone. Selfishness is of yesterday—individual selfishness. A new, but noble, selfishness is coming among us. It is social selfishness. The thing to-day is not "what is good for me?" but "what is good for the people?" The fight is not for "something for me," but for "everything for everybody."

And all of this idealism, this nobility of spirit and purpose, has come to the world through the struggles of men and women at work. The age-old struggle against oppression has flamed out into a world fire in which the old must be burned away forever. Forever the workers have fought this fight and led the way to progress. They fight it to-day and they lead it to-day. Theirs will be the glory, theirs the great reward. They have always had to fight for freedom because they have always needed it. They have always carried the torch, for darkness has always been upon them.

But we are at the peak of the struggle—at the top!

As you do the daily task that is your part in this

great convulsion, think of that! Let your emotion run wild within you! Fill your lungs with the breath of the great adventure!

An age is dying! An age is being born!

♦♦♦♦

The Federal Suffrage Amendment

By Percy Werner

THE women of the country are to be congratulated upon the final and irrevocable settlement of the question of the enfranchisement of women on the same terms and to the same extent as the enfranchisement of men, which the decisive victory won at the polls in the state of New York on November 6, as the result of a distinctively educational campaign carried on for many years, has brought about.

It is a relief to have gotten beyond the stage of advocacy of a cause which had become so obvious to most of us, as to have fallen into the body of political axioms, and to pass on to the next step in the building of a democratic nation. Personally I think it would have been little short of disastrous to the glorious prospects opened up by the emergence of women into active political life had their enfranchisement been conferred on them like a gift from the gods, instead of having been won by them after sixty years of continuous hard struggle on their part, and this chiefly for two reasons: first, because it has taught them something of the meaning of politics; and, second, because they have learned something of the importance of organization. And so it is that the ordinary reasons which I have seen advanced by women for the federal amendment—the extremely slow and arduous and wasteful process in gaining state after state, after perhaps several disappointing trials in each at the polls, the loss of time and energy and expense involved, the diversion of energies that might otherwise be put to more fruitful political activities, the desire of the women of the successful states to save their sisters in the backward states from the same agonizing struggles through which they have passed in the effort for enfranchisement and, more recently, as a token of gratitude for patriotic war endeavors—have failed to reach me as a member of the male electorate and a long-time supporter of the cause of woman's suffrage, and seemingly have made no strong appeal to my brothers. And yet after a long and possibly blundering male process of reasoning, I have come to see my way clear to advocating the federal suffrage amendment.

It will be remembered that President Wilson, in his reply to Mrs. Whitehouse and the ladies who accompanied her, when he was asked for an expression to be conveyed to the electorate of New York on the eve of the recent election, said: "I perhaps may be touched a little too much by the *traditions of our politics*, traditions which lay such questions almost entirely upon the states, but I want to see communities declare themselves quickened at this time and show the consequence of the quickening." So I think all students of American politics have been oppressed by certain traditions and, among others, by the tradition that *because* the convention which framed our federal constitution left the question of the composition of the electorate of the various constituent states to be determined by each state, instead of committing it to the sphere of national politics, *therefore* it rightly belonged to state politics and not to national politics.

The truth is that when the thirteen confederated sovereign states—jealous, suspicious and to a degree antagonistic to each other—came together for the purpose of making a closer union, and evolved that most marvelous document of all history, the federal constitution, they parted with and delegated to the national government a minimum of powers, the exercise of which they foresaw to be essential to the maintenance of a stable union. At that time

the composition of the electorate in no two of the states was alike, and in all of them the right of suffrage was limited by qualifications of various kinds: qualifications as to religion or church attendance, education, property, as well as of age, period of residence, etc. To have attempted at that time to have reconciled these differences would probably have been hopeless.

The subject was not even debated in the convention. The only provision regarding it in the instrument is that which provides that the electors of national representatives should have the same qualifications as those requisite for the electors of the most numerous branch of the legislature in each state. Indeed the desirability of *uniformity* in qualifications and restrictions in the different states was apparently not considered—or if it was, it was not regarded as one of the essentials to a closer union among the states. And so we accepted the federal constitution and grew and expanded under it and multiplied our component states, without, for many long years, even down to the close of our civil war, questioning the wisdom of our forefathers in committing this fundamental question of the composition of the *national* electorate to the varying ideas of separate states, but treated the decision in 1787 as a finality. Thus came about the *tradition* which President Wilson confessed embarrassed him. But the great struggle which the women of this country have made for enfranchisement, which has upset so many traditions, has opened the eyes of thinking men and women to a new view of this great question.

Universal suffrage proceeds from the universal feeling that we each of us have a responsibility for the welfare of the other. It is the modern answer to the ancient question: "Am I my brother's keeper?" It is the democratic impulse, which says: "I must not ask any right under the law for myself that I do not demand for all others." In the light of this, picture a nation made up of the people of forty-eight states in such close union that we feel the national life pulsing through them all, where state lines are practically non-existent for all national purposes, with its electorate made up on the pattern of a crazy quilt, with varying qualifications and restrictions, some requiring the ability to read the constitution and to write, others admitting the immigrant who has lived within the borders of the state for only one year and has merely expressed an intention of becoming a citizen of the union, and ask yourself does not such a nation lack the very first element of political unity?

Nineteen states now have presidential suffrage. More than ten million women in the United States to-day possess the right of presidential suffrage. Is there no real danger, if this condition continue, that in future national campaigns undue and unseemly struggles may occur in the states where women hold the balance? I think it is Hannis Taylor who says that each of our separate states has such unlimited power in the matter of defining the qualifications of its electorate, that it could exclude all other than those males who have attained the age of ninety years, or all those who had failed to amass property to the value of one million dollars, from the exercise of the suffrage. It is not in this direction that danger lies. As Walter Bagehot says, or quotes somebody as saying, "democracy is like the grave; what it once has claimed it never gives up." The tendency can only be in the direction of universality and uniformity. But so long as we have a lopsided national electorate, there will exist danger.

The bases of self-government are three: the electorate, the representative or legislative office, and the non-representative or administrative office. It would seem that there could be no question that in a true democracy the right of suffrage should be universal, that is to say, should give equal voting power to all citizens, irrespective of birth, wealth, religion or capacity, and that we should trust alone to *automatic self-disfranchisement* of the unfit, which wise gov-

ernmental machinery would naturally bring about. The greatest obstacle which the cause of woman suffrage has met in the past is not the viciousness or selfishness of men, but the fact that men's political visions have been obscured by the defective political machinery which they have set up and which they have been called upon to work—machinery the working of which political bosses, who were never animated by one iota of political principle, made a matter of pure (or impure) business. But the procedural reforms which we now see to be possible (I refer to the short ballot, nominations by petition, preferential voting, proportional representation, commission and city manager plans of municipal governments, etc.) have made us realize that it is possible for us to dispense with the services of the political boss, and to construct machinery which will be responsive to the common will and which we will be able to run ourselves, nay, which will even respond easily to the feminine hand, and under which the ignorant and the corrupt, lacking the stimulus of the boss, will voluntarily and automatically disfranchise themselves.

The strongest reason, as I see it, for the federal suffrage amendment, that amendment which is to forbid any curtailment of the electorate by the separate states by discriminations based on sex, as it has heretofore been forbidden on grounds of race, color, or previous condition of servitude, is that we may have a still more perfect union, through which common national impulses may run and find expression, and that there be no temptation in national elections for undue and improper efforts to carry particular states. The transcendent feature of our national constitution is that it *operates directly on the individual* instead of upon the states. This distinguishes our form of government from all preceding federations. Our *people* form our nation, our *states* our union. If this union could not live half bond and half free, so it cannot healthily functionate with variegated state electorates. I would have the advocates of the federal amendment look back to the period succeeding the civil war and examine the reasons which were then advanced for the forbidding of the discrimination on account of color or previous condition of servitude, and see whether these same reasons do not now hold good for the proposed amendment. True, the main reason may now so loudly demand the removal of the discrimination based on sex, namely, that the franchise must be put into the hands of the *newly* admitted citizens in order to enable them to enjoy and protect that citizenship. Our women have always possessed citizenship. But there were other reasons advanced at that time which apply equally to the present time, in the demand made for forbidding discrimination on account of sex. Here are some of them:

1st. That that constitution is steadiest which has the broadest base.

2nd. That the right to vote is a safety-valve for discontent.

3rd. That the best way to teach a man is to give him a chance to learn.

4th. That it is easier to lift people up than to hold them down.

5th. That ballots in the hand are less dangerous than a sense of wrong in the heart.

6th. That the ballot is the only *known* way of advancing the *common* good.

7th. That universal suffrage has a tendency to break down social barriers between classes and to open up the way for a democratic society, which means an association of equals.

Democracy is an evolution. The political state is contained within the social state and functions for its well-being. In an autocracy the political state resides in a single person. In an oligarchy the political state is a relatively small part of the social state. In a democracy the political state is a relatively large part of the social state. A political state is more or less democratic as the ratio of the electorate to the social state varies. The women of our country have at last emerged and are becoming

explicit in the political state. They have outgrown their period of tutelage. We men thrust them in the background for safekeeping whilst we were engaged in the cruel and bitter struggles that have led us from barbarism to our present modest stage of civilization. A number of them are still content to remain in the background and to enjoy the old-time chivalry and gallantry of the male protector. They are like the Sabine women who fell in love with their conquerors. One anti-suffragist, in a letter to the *New York Times*, written the day after the last election, thus bitterly deplores the result: "Those forces of degeneracy, represented by increasing childlessness, divorce and the craze for gadding, publicity and excitement on the part of women, have been crystallized into law in our state of New York. What we revered as the sacred inter-relation of the sexes in our past history, the supposed chivalry and protection of women which has been our pride, was all a mistake and a crime." Women who feel this will naturally disfranchise themselves.

The future will call for much tolerance on the part of all of us. But we men and women of the new and inevitable *national electorate*, who have caught some glimpse of a newer politics which is to reflect itself in a juster society, can afford to exercise it. Above all we want to be able to forget at times, and especially in national elections, that we are Missourians, or Californians, or Ohioans, or New Yorkers, and feel that we are Americans.

♦♦♦♦

The Old Bookman

CONFESSIONS OF LEARNED IGNORANCE

By Horace Flack

XXXIV. HAMMURABI AS AN EXPONENT OF PROGRESS

I AM told that Hammurabi lived in the time of Abraham. He is my favorite author of that period, because no other author I know of as then living does so much to explain the first quarter of the twentieth century. I am fortunate enough to have his complete works, as far as they are extant, with his text on one page, a translation on the page opposite, a glossary, fac-similes of the original text, and a photograph of Hammurabi himself in the act of receiving his works from the sun god. When the news came from Paris that French explorers of ruins in the empire of ancient Babylon had dug up "the Hammurabi stone," the brief outline of its contents convinced me that I must get the complete text if I did not wish to remain completely ignorant of what is most likely to occur next in modern world-politics. As soon as I succeeded, I began consulting Hammurabi at every opportunity, as I am still doing whenever I find myself in doubt about the meaning of what is most progressive in twentieth century progress.

This was what I was trying to do when some of my best friends feared that I was losing the last remains of what they had kindly supposed to be my reason. When I wish to tell them on the authority of Hammurabi what was most likely to occur next in their progress, they began looking at their watches or showed some other equally unmistakable signs of acute distress. Their distress grew still more unmistakable, when *ex post facto*, I wished them to listen for a moment to a paragraph showing that the great success in which they were exulting had been achieved by Hammurabi in the time of Abraham. When this experience had been repeated until it became convincing, I did not "recover my reason," as had been supposed, but I resorted to secrecy. I have hardly mentioned Hammurabi in the last ten years, but I have used due diligence in learning everything I could from him as the first great, practical exponent of efficiency in world politics. As a result my first prejudice against his literary style is decreasing. His English is bad, as it consists almost wholly of the most disagreeable or repulsive words I know of in any stage of the language, and

his German is even worse. I pass over his Greek, Latin and Hebrew as unspeakable, and I cannot be sure that he spoke Irish at all, but as far as I know anything of the foreign languages spoken at the Tower of Babel, Hammurabi mixes them into his text so profusely that I prefer to read the translation which has no style at all. He never leaves us in doubt, however, about what he is doing and how he is doing it. He has determined to leave a reputation behind him as the most progressive potentate in the history of the world, ancient or modern. He has worked out a plan for regulating the world completely, beginning with Babylon and continuing until the entire map is readjusted by the expansion of Babylonian civilization and the adoption of compulsory Babylonian culture. As this plan involved government ownership of the population, he divided the population into three selective divisions, the *awilum*, the *muskenum*, and the *wardum-amtum*. The *wardum-amtum* were mere people and, as such, were cultured into compulsory efficiency by the *awilum*. The *awilum* were the magnates or managers, and the *muskenum* were the middle class, who administered the discipline which the *awilum* had decided on as educational for the *wardum-amtum*. It is not necessary to go more into detail. Such details as have not been reported by the newspapers since 1898 are likely to appear this year or next, or in any event before the twentieth century has progressed through its first quarter.

I do not think anyone, ancient or modern, better fitted for success in any system of efficiency through compulsory culture than Hammurabi was. Still he was too sure of his superiority. I concede the greatness of his abilities, but I do not believe that they were really greater than those of a Borussia *Feldwebel* or of the second vice-president of a successful Moillinoisouri bucket shop. When he calls himself the son of the sun god, the beloved of Tu-tu, the lord whom the wise god, Ma-ma, has clothed with complete power, the mighty bull who gores the enemy, the divine city-king, wise and intelligent, who extended the limits of Cutha, I would like to remind him that the twentieth century is young yet, and that it is making a specialty of breaking records.

♦♦♦♦

Nocturne

By Babette Deutsch

FROM THE FERRY

THE wind blew salty from the bay,
Darkly the river rose,
Lights on the farther shore were pale
As when the first star shows.

Our faces lifted to the night,
The air was like a boon;
We were as close as lovers are,
And alien as the moon.

WALLS

The cliffs were terrible. Black flint
Rearing upon the sky;
In futile patterns shadowy boughs
Laced their immensity.

We moved at the dark granite foot;
In our old bantering tone
We talked and laughed. Beside us, truth
Stood with a face of stone.

♦

DAWN

Over hushed lawns a pale grey arch,
Vague walls took sharper form;
Beyond, the quiet water lay,
Flickering dark and warm.

Farther, the city: clustered lights,
Dimmed where the sky-line glows;
Sleep hovered on the freshened air.
You laughed . . . the new sun rose.

Letters From the People

Another Free Speech Case

Madison, Wis., Nov. 2, 1917.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

I should like to call to your attention the recent resignation of Professor Feise of the German department from the University of Wisconsin. He is not an American citizen and when we entered the war he offered to resign, but President Van Hise invited him to stay on condition that he sign a pledge not to say or do anything which might embarrass the administration. He signed such a pledge.

Everyone was surprised when it was announced last Tuesday that his resignation was demanded because of some remark which he had made. The remark was not published and there was no further explanation. Professor Feise was not given a hearing.

The enclosed protest which is being circulated among the students and faculty discloses his exact words.

I think the matter should be taken up by all intelligent periodicals, if for no other reason than to show that some patriots have a sense of humor.

J. B. C.

The form of protest that is being circulated has the merit of revealing the remark for which the professor was asked to resign. The protestors sign this statement:

To President Van Hise:

Professor Feise was asked to resign because—

"After investigation of the remark which Professor Feise made, it appeared clear that his usefulness in the department and the university was at an end."

Professor Feise in a private office and as a jest said to Professor Kind: "Kind, when you turn to the blackboard how are your students to know that you have bought a Liberty bond? You ought to wear another Liberty loan button on the seat of your pants."

Professor Kind went for advice in the matter to another member of his department, who took it officially to the president. This man was Dean S. H. Goodnight.

We, the undersigned, consider this incident an insufficient pretext for demanding the resignation of an associate professor, and we request a further explanation.

✱

A Query

St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 19, 1917.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

In the constitution of the Y. M. C. A. is a clause which bars Catholics, Jews and unbelievers from holding office or casting a vote in that organization.

Up to the present moment the Y. M. C. A. has remained more or less of a group movement. But now we are in war and this ceases. The Y. M. C. A. has become a national institution for war purposes. The seal of our government has been set upon it. Thus it now becomes a universal association of earnest-minded Americans working for a common cause under a common government, and one, as such, which all Americans are asked to further and to support to the extent of their abilities.

Yet, in spite of this, the old strictures in that association continue. Catholics,

for example, who furnish forty per cent of our American fighting men—fighting men, please note, who are also Christians—may not hold office or cast a vote in a national Young Men's Christian Association to which they belong as Americans and to which they are asked to contribute financial support.

Is it fair? Does anyone presume to say that it is *American*?

AMOS FAIRPLAY.

[The editor would think this question worthier of attention if he were supplied with a tabulated statement of the contributions by Catholics to the Y. M. C. A. prior to the war. How many Catholics are there in the Y. M. C. A.? And are not the Knights of Columbus conducting a campaign for a war work that shall parallel that of the Y. M. C. A.?—Editor of the MIRROR.]

The Trust Problem

Some books aim at imposing the judgments of the authors on the minds of their readers; others aim only at presenting the data on which men may form judgments for themselves. The well-known book, "The Trust Problem" by Prof. Jeremiah Whipple Jenks, which has just been published in a fourth edition, belongs to the latter class. This revised edition in which

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the author has had the collaboration of Prof. Walter E. Clark is the result of many years of careful investigation and analysis. In its present form, the book will be an excellent text-book for college classes, for in the various appendices it furnishes material which may well serve as a basis for original study and judgment on the part of the student. It will also be of very great value to the business man and the statesman who are inevitably interested in trusts, both from a business and a political point of view. It presents in lucid form the general economic conditions which give rise to trusts, describes the part played by the financier and the promoter in their formation, investigates very carefully their effect on prices and on the workingmen and throws light for the American public on the whole problem by a special chapter on the experience of Europe with industrial combinations.

The whole story of the effort of the United States to deal with the trusts

through state and federal legislation and through the federal courts is told in three interesting chapters, and in the eight new appendices with which the book closes there is packed away a wealth of material which will save the student from the necessity of ransacking libraries if he desires to form a judgment of his own on the trust problem.

If the reader has time for only one book on the subject, this would seem to be the book. (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.)

A Santa Rosa farmer, very keen on trade, recently managed to sell an old horse for \$40. Honesty, however, compelled him to speak out. "I tell ye, friend, that there mare's got two faults." "Only two? A dozen, I should think! But what are the two?" "Well, once yer let that mare out ter grass, it'll take ye about a week to ketch her; and when you do ketch her, she ain't wuth ketchin'. Otherwise she's all right."

Owen of Oklahoma

By Margaret B. Downing

A campaign of Simon-pure patriotism which is not receiving the attention it merits is that in which Robert Latham Owen, senator from Oklahoma, is endeavoring to win over the state and private banks to subscribe to the provisions of the Federal Reserve act and thereby mobilize for immediate use in the treasury the masses of unwieldy securities they safeguard. In the avalanche of war measures, some exceedingly important amendments to the Federal Reserve Act were overlooked by the public, and these had been safely piloted through the upper house by Senator Owen, chairman of the committee on banking and currency. In all the debates, the chairman took the high ground of patriotism as the only logical argument to be advanced in asking a state or private bank to forego its obvious advantages and to enter the ranks of those under the Federal Reserve. His argument was that some means must be at once discovered whereby a gold reserve would be assured not only for the war, but after it, and to the state and private banks the country looked for this act of patriotic devotion, and he was sure it would not appeal in vain. Senator Owen advised various concessions to the banks which responded, all of which would not be hazardous to the federal system. In this argument he has finally been upheld by the conservative financial sentiment of the nation.

Upon the adjournment of congress the chairman on banking took over the responsibility of a popular drive among state bankers, and his report to the committee on the convening of congress is anticipated with keen anxiety. That his efforts have been crowned by a fair measure of success is apparent through reports received at the treasury. Many state and private banks have expressed willingness to come under the federal law during the progress of the war and in this, render the financial system more elastic. Others will take advantage of the concession which relieves them of the heavy tax paid by the national banks, with the choice of returning to their former status *ante-bellum*. Still others frankly acknowledge that they have held off through fear of losing their rate of exchange, but that for patriotic motives they will now make this sacrifice trusting the government to readjust matters in more propitious days. All of which spells victory for the man who had charge of the Federal Reserve act during its stormy passage through the upper chamber. The history of the Federal Reserve bill has been written from many standpoints, but the impartial scribe must give full credit to Owen for converging national sentiment into a malleable shape, for clipping off redundancies and for strengthening some clauses and amplifying others. He was quoted as saying when the bill was reported in the last draft that it was as near perfection as human financial instinct could make it. Yet it was Owen who realized almost as quickly as McAdoo that in war times the law lacked elasticity and that the safest and surest way to introduce that element was by

the appeal to state and private banks. Apparently without one regret for marring the work on which he had bestowed his best thought and energy he set about to change some of its vital points. This is one of the Oklahoma man's marked characteristics. He cares nothing for the parallel column, if he finds he must conscientiously revise political beliefs. As chairman of the committee on banking and currency that momentous summer of 1913 he was considered a fair target for abuse. A man from Oklahoma, indeed, the least of all states, telling men from down east about problems in high finance! It was a bitterly contested battle, with advocates from Wall street, from the Stand-

ard Oil, from Steel and Copper, from all the political ogres, ready to pounce, when occasion offered. It was said that during the heat of the debate if Owen had stood on the floor of the senate and recited the Lord's Prayer, many would have derided his sentiments and pointed out a sinister motive. Yet this did not deter him when flaws became discernible in this much-debated law. He did his mightiest on the floor of the senate and before the country since the recess.

Senator Owen is a fascinating study from many angles, mainly because he is the lineal descendant of the last war chieftain of the Western Cherokees, Thomas Chisholm, and he carries himself as one of kingly blood. Again, he

is interesting because he has always been a special pleader for the right of women to vote, to hold property and to have a part in making the laws under which they are governed, and this long before the movement was received in what is frivolously called our "best society." Both points bring out a dominant strain in this man's personality. There was every reason why the young son of Colonel Robert Latham Owen, a brilliant and, for a time, highly successful, civil engineer of the army, should have clung to his Virginia relatives and let the poor Red Man wage his futile battles against white encroachment. But his mother, Narcissa Chisholm, though educated in the best

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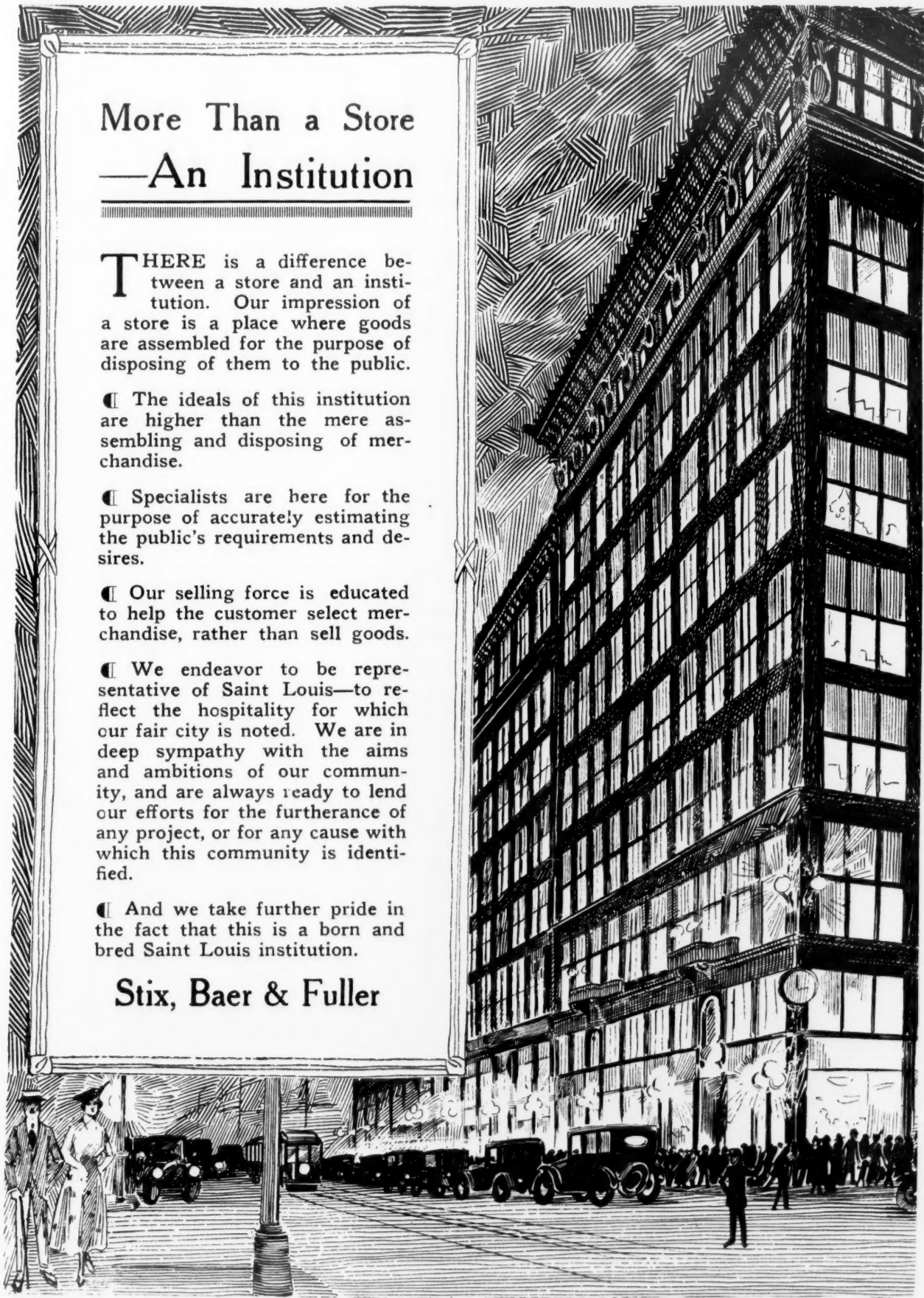
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schools and accomplished even for this day and generation, held as sacred the memory of the Cherokees and always spoke of herself as a citizen of that nation. Her marriage to the young army officer was solemnized according to the social usage of that remote day, 1853, and she went to reside at a beautiful estate, "Point of Honor," near Lynchburg, Virginia. Here she was surrounded by the gentry of the old commonwealth and by all the luxury of that era. Yet she gave to each of her sons names commemorative of their Indian heritage, the elder William Otway Owen, a retired army physician, being in the Cherokee country known as *Caulhoma* and the younger Robert Latham, Jr., *Oconostota*, after the heroic warrior of the eighteenth century, known in the annals as "The Beloved Chief." The scholarly statesman answers to his name *Oconostota* when he goes among his kindred now scattered in various parts of Oklahoma. Widowed and finally defrauded of her husband's estate, Mrs. Owen went back to her own people and claimed rank among them. Realizing for her sons the right to every advantage they could obtain, she strained every point to give them such an education as would have been theirs had her husband survived. William was sent through the kindness of friends to Virginia Military Institute and later to the University of Virginia, after which he entered the army as a surgeon.

Robert Latham Owen, now senator, clung tenaciously to his mother in those evil days when she lay near to death in a hospital of Norfolk. It was here Mrs. Owen first met a lady who played a worthy part in shaping destiny for her and her sons. In her memoirs, Narcissa Owen mentions "Sallie Scruggs, one of my heart comforters, in those days when I had barely strength enough to drag myself to the piano to earn a living for myself and the two boys." Miss Scruggs was the sister of Richard Scruggs of the fine old firm of Scruggs, Vandervoort and Barney, so well-known in St. Louis and the south and southwest. Through large contributions to the Washington and Lee University in Virginia, her family controlled a full scholarship. This was offered to Robert, since William was already placed. Once established, he won his way up, getting one scholarship after another until he had rounded out his college term.

Many flattering offers came to young Owen through friends of his father's, and as he was closely connected with prosperous people in Virginia and Tennessee his future could have been assured. But he turned his back on it all and joined his mother, who was teaching school in Oklahoma. His career after he began life in the Indian country is familiar to all who keep abreast with the lives of successful public men. It is said that for four years he gave his best to orphan asylums, as a way to pay back the debt he owed to the friends who had aided his mother and himself when they stood so sorely in need. Senator Owen's devotion to suffrage was all because of the sufferings of that valiant woman, Narcissa Owen. He had seen her through trickery deprived of her rights in her husband's

estate, had witnessed the sale of her home and of her dearest possessions and the sad journeys from city to city looking for remunerative occupation. Many of the bills which he has helped to active operation since coming to congress have been framed with the broad idea of making life less oppressive for the struggling widow and orphan. Some of his finest speeches have been founded on the theme of equal rights for women.

One of the flights of oratory credited to the Oklahoma man during the late session of congress which focused attention was that in which he took the Verona Convention as a theme, not as popularly supposed as an argument against the military autocracy of the Teutons but as a supreme effort for the victory of the Susan B. Anthony amendment. Bringing into plain view the iniquity of those hoary old sinners who signed the notorious convention in 1830, he insisted that because of such instruments did the injustice against women now exist and flourish. For Owen is for all suffrage and for every manner of means in getting it. He is sympathetic even with that "unrepentant left," the "pickets," and he stormed against their incarceration in jail. Disdaining the spectacular antics of Dudley Field Malone, he has struck some resounding blows for the militant wing and he has taken under his charge a measure of far more difficult composition than bringing state banks into the Federal Reserve—that of reconciling the militant wing with the staid and victorious regulars in the suffrage party who have just won in New York.

About a week ago President Wilson in a stately speech acknowledged the gratitude of New York suffragists for the aid he had rendered and said he hoped the occasion would arise when he could assist in the passing of the national amendment. Everybody saw in that the persuasive tongue of Owen, of Shaffroth, of Jones of Washington and of several other men who uphold the cause of woman because of the splendid qualities for leadership and for political progress which shone forth in their mothers. It is whispered that Senator Owen will make a tremendous speech when congress assembles, one which will make any minion of the law crawl into a convenient ditch rather than lay hands on a woman who is unfurling a banner for civil freedom. Or at least this is what "pickets" are prophesying. But the regulars say that the next message will urge the Anthony amendment with the all-persuasiveness for which Wilsonian documents are famed and that militancy will perish for lack of an object.

Senator Owen admits that farming is his fad and also that he has made it profitable. To this fad clings a touch of romance, obliquely, in his case since the heroine is his only child, Dorothea Owen, recently married to John Hawkins. Mr. Hawkins is chief of the Farm Loans Board in the treasury and he was constantly in consultation with the chairman on banking and currency. Mr. McAdoo thinks very highly of his Farm Loans man and sent him on confidential business which he discharged to the satisfaction of all. Especially to himself, since he frequently met Senator Owen's

young daughter and seemingly interested her in the pet scheme of bankers in rural communities. Thus it was that Miss Owen was wed not long ago in the Gothic Cathedral of Saints Peter and Paul out on Woodley road, and President and Mrs. Wilson and "all the great world" graced the nuptials.

It is related that all of remotest Indian blood lack a sense of humor. The Oklahoma senator is almost oppressively grave in appearance, but he can joke on occasion and appreciate a joke with the best. He was fond of Bob Taylor and often sought that genial Tennessean's company. They lived in adjoining apartments for some years and not a day passed that they did not saunter out together, chatting and laughing like schoolboys. In times less weighty Senator Owen was considered an accomplished horseman, and he followed the hounds and kept a hunter or two. But he long ago gave this up and now if he gets the chance for an occasional ride, he hires a cob at a livery and strikes his own gait alone. Like all the busy public men of Washington, the Oklahoma statesman is accused of being unsociable. It is rarely indeed that any hostess can lure him to a dinner, especially when congress is in session and this seems all the time. But he entertains at his own home, congenial friends, not with an eye to social supremacy, but because he is more than two-thirds a southron and hospitality is part of his creed. Another interesting thing about Owen is that he is conceded to be one of those who will frame the treaty of peace when the Teutons are at last beaten; that is, if that treaty is drawn while Woodrow Wilson is president.

Washington, November 21.

♦♦♦

Reflections

(Continued from page 736)

it is now the first really great daily newspaper in the United States to pronounce clearly and emphatically for the doctrine of Henry George. Last Tuesday evening the *Post-Dispatch* printed a leading editorial, entitled "Hoarding Usable Land," upon Senator Harding's proposal to give every United States soldier a farm after the war. There is plenty of land unused. It is unused because it is held for speculation—a billion acres of it, or more. Why not tax the land into use? the *Post-Dispatch* asks. Especially when the government needs not only revenue but the products that come from the land. This unused land is so lightly taxed that it may be said not to be taxed at all. Everything else is taxed almost to the limit. Everything else is production. Unused land is a check upon production; it is inimical to the public interest, not only in war, but in peace. Why should men be allowed to hoard land and punished for hoarding the things that come from the land? There is no answer. The *Post-Dispatch* cries out for a surtax on unused land. That would release land to use, not only by soldiers returning after the war, but by anybody who wants land now. This is not the Simon-pure Single Tax, only an approach to it; but whoso sees that much of the truth must see it all. All

land value must be taken for government because all land value is the creation of the work of all the people and it is taken and hoarded by a few people who "own" land that belongs to all. Here is the concluding sentence of the *Post-Dispatch* editorial of last Tuesday: "Does it not seem the height of folly for the government to tap all the sources of wealth except the fundamental original source and to release all the hoards of necessities except the one hoard from which all necessities are produced?" My readers will pardon my pride in having after all these years of evangelization induced the *Post-Dispatch* to come up and "hit the trail." I'm looking for the *Post-Dispatch's* offspring, the *New York World*, to announce shortly that it can "see the cat."

♦♦

Our Street Car Muddle

THE big drive is on against the ordinance to compromise the differences between the city and the United Railways company. The battle-cry of the drive is "Better service!" The company says if it cannot by a compromise get rid of the burden of special taxation it must go bankrupt. If it goes bankrupt, if the system is broken up into its component original lines, there will be little chance for the public to get better service, extensions and so forth. The company is now almost broke. It cannot refinance itself. If there be no relief the tracks and cars must go to wreck and there will be more rather than less strap-hanging. If the company cannot equip itself to make money, it cannot pay money into the city treasury. It is said the \$50,000,000 valuation of the property is excessive. The system might be duplicated for \$30,000,000 on a valuation made by a statistician for private parties in 1911. At present prices for material it is doubtful if \$60,000,000 is too high a figure, and there is going to be small recession from present prices for some years to come. The proposed ordinance of settlement is not ideal. It is what it professes to be, a compromise. If we are going to let a private corporation run the street cars, we should let that corporation make some money at it. If not, the city should take over the system and waste no time on compromise ordinances. It is suggested that the company be given an indeterminate franchise conditioned on good behavior and that surplus earnings be devoted to improvements and extensions. As I understand it, the pending ordinance is practically an indeterminate franchise and the law as to public utilities permits the enforcement of necessary extensions. There are blow-holes in the bill, of course, but I don't see how if we are to force the company into bankruptcy and dissipation and endless litigation over underlying franchises, securities, etc., we are ever to get the extensions and improvements and general better service upon the immediate need for which everybody is agreed. Must we go to a point at which we shall have practically no street car service before we can hope to have a better street car service?

♦♦

Patriot Graft

AN army and navy bazaar in New York took in \$71,475, but after all expenses had been paid there was only

\$754.96 for the purchase of comforts for soldiers and sailors. There's a pretty graft for you. How much more of it is there, petty and pretty, among all the similar affairs gotten up in the name of charity and patriotism all over the country? The government should exercise a strict supervision over all

such things. That would prevent graft and stop the waste of a lot of energy by well-meaning but impractical people.

♦♦

The Red Plague

ST. LOUIS is to establish free clinics for the treatment of social diseases. This is a thing done in good time, for



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The Post-Dispatch, editorially discussing the pending street railway settlement ordinance, asks: "Whose bill is it?" and adds:

"We must not confuse the excellent ideas urged in favor of the Company with the actual provisions of the bill. We may agree that the prime consideration is service and that the money paid to the City in special taxes or revenue shares should go into extensions, wages and better service; but the opinion does not guarantee

that the railways bill, if adopted, will provide extensions, good wages or better service.

"Is the bill advantageous to the City? Does it guarantee or give fair assurance of street railway extensions and the kind of service required by St. Louis now and for the next 30 years? These are the vital questions."

The pending bill does not represent this Company's preferences, nor our judgment of what would be best for the community now and for the next 30 years.

It is the City Government's bill.

It is not primarily a service betterment bill. It is primarily a City revenue bill. It subordinates service to taxes only a little less than the existing arrangement.

If it is enacted we shall of necessity try to induce our security holders to accept it.

An ideal bill, as we see it, would subordinate taxes to service.

It would abolish all special taxes, the \$480,000 a year.

any possible car earnings will be needed in the next few years to ~~maintain St. Louis nor outside in-~~vestors will ever put another

It would abolish all special taxes, the \$480,000 a year.

It would not levy a \$360,000 a year gross receipts tax, nor any other new special tax, in their stead.

It would allow the Company a fair return on capital value as determined by the City. It would do this as the only means by which new capital can be got for future extensions.

Millions of dollars more than

The ideal bill would make it CERTAIN that after the fair return on capital value was paid, every dollar of street car earnings, including the revenue taxes abolished by the City Government, should be used for extensions and service betterments, so that the people would get what they most want—more and better service—as speedily as possible.

This Company is not in position to dictate to the City Government. We have had to accept what the City Government dictated, as our only avenue of escape from bankruptcy and the disintegration of the system. We traded with the City Government as hard as we knew how, in the interest of our investors, our employees and our customers. The pending bill is the result.

If the people of St. Louis want a settlement ordinance that will guarantee more and better service, instead of one guaranteeing excessive City revenue taxes regardless of service, you still have time to make your preference known to your public servants at City Hall.

The United Railways Company of St. Louis

needed in the next few years to
Neither St. Louis nor outside in-
vestors will ever put another
dollar into this business until the
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made in it and recognized by
the City is assured of a regular
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Dr. Flexner has discovered a substitute for salvarsan that is better than the original article and it can be manufactured on a basis of 5 cents a dose, while salvarsan or 606 is given at \$3.50 a dose. The new remedy is less dangerous, too. The free clinics are excellent, but while the city is fighting social disease it should exercise its authority to do away with the rules at all private hospitals that exclude from treatment anyone suffering from the chief of all social diseases.

❖❖

The Bolshevik

THE Bolshevik cannot maintain control in Russia, even if they have attained it. There can be no control without self-control and order in the controlling force. The Bolsheviks are too centrifugal in composition to last for long. It is inevitable that more moderate men will come into power. They may have to come through blood, but they will come. Therefore the Kaiser will not count heavily upon a peace with the Bolsheviks. An attempt at such a peace would only hasten the end of the anarchists and solidify the masses of Russia against Germany. The present chaos in Russia is about as good a thing as the Kaiser can get. And it is by no means certain that Kerensky is done for. He may be coming back, or some stronger man, not a monarchist, not an impossibilist Socialist, but a democrat. And in that faith, almost that certainty, the United States must not abandon Russia to the German wolves or to her own. We must continue to help Russia. We must not desert her because of the follies of a few of her mad idealists. We must not, as some advise, let her starve because a party of dreamers take the Declaration of Independence with that literalness in which as ever "the letter killeth."

❖❖

Fine Play

ANYHOW that was splendid team-work between President Wilson and Premier Lloyd-George the other day. It put Northcliffe out when he was making a hot run for the home-plate—a run which, if scored, would have put out the democratic side in British government and sent the reactionary Tories to bat. Woodrow made a splendid throw and David a splendid catch.

❖❖

Booze and Taxes

LOS ANGELES goes dry by 20,000, but Iowa is officially announced as wet, and Ohio is in the same fix, though neither can be said to be sloppy beyond the saturation point. Prohibition may be coming, but its progress is increasingly wobbly. The country is beginning to see that the liquor evil is being minimized steadily without sumptuary legislation. Above all, the country is discovering that the best way to get rid of an evil is to tax it to death. Maybe the country will see soon that all taxes on all businesses are a deterrent on business. Then probably we shall repeal all taxes upon business, buildings, furniture, machinery, tools and money in bank.

❖❖

Labor in Politics

WE are told that the American Federation of Labor is going into American politics as a distinct national party. That such a thing is advisable may be

disputed. A group party is not needed in this country, but we might well have another party with a new set of principles of government for all men and women. The trades unions and the grangers and other guilds might form the nucleus of such a new party, but the platform would have to declare for a common as distinct from a class programme. No party can succeed permanently as a trades union party or a farmers' party. But it is conceivable that a party might be formed on a basis of broad economic principle that would set the older parties aside or force from them great concessions. A few weeks ago in Chicago the prohibitionists, single taxers and progressives pooled their issues. If the trades unions and the grangers would join them the combination would be formidable. Such an alliance in politics, if it could agree upon a paramount issue, such, let us say, as land freedom, would accomplish something. But no class party will last long or go far in this country at this time. The country is just getting together, just beginning to find itself and separatism in politics is of all proposals now the most unwelcome.

❖❖

Erin's Plight

SIR EDWARD CARSON is a British censor. He permits nothing to appear in the English press that is antagonistic to the policy of exasperation towards Ireland. But the papers that denounce the Irish convention and that call for a heavier hand against Sinn Fein can say what they please. Carson himself is the chief immediate cause of Sinn Fein. It was he made rebellion respectable in the early part of 1914. And it is Carson now, according to Austin Harrison of *The English Review*, who controls the English attitude towards Ireland in the British government. Ulster is in the saddle. Ulster is discrediting the Irish conference in England, moulding the public mind against any home rule policy that may be proposed by the conference. British rule by way of Dublin Castle continues to make Sinn Fein martyrs, like Thomas Ashe, who died in prison. The revolt spreads and the British public is not permitted to know why it spreads. The English are being kept in ignorance of conditions in Ireland, save when the Ulster press comes out with attacks upon the conference as a worthless and futile thing. Northcliffe's *Times* tells nothing of what is happening in Ireland. Only the Orange papers have anything to say and that is always in opposition to any agreement for home rule, although when the conference went into session the press was asked to say nothing prejudicial to that body or in disparagement of its labors or deprecation of the purposes of its deliberations. Mr. Harrison thus summarizes the Irish situation, writing late in October: "Ninety per cent of non-Ulster Ireland is Sinn Fein—that is to say, ninety per cent of Catholics and Protestant Home Rulers have broken away from the Nationalist party, but are themselves not represented in the convention. This means that Young Ireland or Sinn Fein have learned that the enemy to conciliation is not so much England or the Castle, but the Protestant Irishmen associated with unionism who control affairs in England. This is

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not a paradox; it is the truth. The success of Sinn Fein is due to the Nationalist party's neglect of that Young Ireland which has been gradually growing up during the last twenty years, and to the wreckage caused by Sir E. Carson's revolutionary movement in 1914, which broke the power and status of parliamentary Nationalism. Sir Edward Carson in 1914 introduced revolution once more into Ireland, and it was supported by English unionism. Its reaction to-day is Sinn Fein. From the hour that Sir Edward Carson declared that he would break the laws, Mr. Redmond's work of thirty years was destroyed. Now we have—no-Man's Land." And to the credit of the English be it said that the work of frustrating Ireland's appeal for that democracy for which Great Britain professes to be fighting has its sole chance of success through the policy of keeping the English people in the dark as to what is going on in Ireland.

♦♦

High Tariff Talk

Look out for an outbreak of high-tariff talk when congress meets next month. Much stress will be laid upon the war taxes that everyone feels just now. How much nicer it would be, we shall be told, if the taxes necessary to the carrying on of the war were collected by means of a tariff upon every little thing, a little tax so small that while everybody would be paying it, nobody would notice it. Put the tax upon the things in most general use. Do it so that Europe, returning to labor from slaughter, after the war shall not "dump" her products upon us. We shall want those products badly but don't let us get them save by paying the highest possible price for them. The high protective tariff men are getting busy. All they want is the power to collect the tax and add something for their own trouble. If they cannot reinstitute the tariff on any other plea they propose to do it by having us join a tariff league against Germany and Austria, with the threat that they will be excluded from trading here for a term of years conditioned by the celerity with which they make peace. A tariff against them for fifty years, let us say for a starter, but with time off on a sliding scale if they make peace in six weeks, six months or six years. Once that much of the camel's nose gets under our tent-flap we may be sure it will not be long before the brute will amble off with the whole tent. It is time for all those to be alert who know that the one best preventive of war is absolute free trade.

♦♦

Railroads and Government

GOVERNMENT ownership or at least operation of railroads is close upon us. So is government operation of mines and of factories making war supplies. Threats of great strikes are responsible for this imminence of paternalism. The railroads are about ready to turn over their properties to the government. They find the wage account going up, the price of all materials increasing steadily, the demand of the country for incessant and better service growing more insistent, the wear and tear reducing the equipment to something approximating junk. There is more need than ever for new cars, new trackage, new motive

power, and the earnings can't meet the demand and pay interest too. All requests for permission to increase rates are turned down. The roads need five billion dollars for general rehabilitation. They cannot borrow money in the market. The government will not lend them its credit to enable them to equip to do the government's business. What are the roads to do? They can't stop running. If they do, we lose the war and go hungry to boot. Why shouldn't the railroads say to the government, "Take the roads. Maybe you can run them without money. We can't." And if the government takes them that means more taxes upon all us. And if the government takes them, God help the fellows who strike on the roads in time of war. It would be better for everybody if the roads were given power to increase their rates or given government money to make the necessary improvements and extensions in the war work that comes next in importance to the fighting on the front and the raising of food products on the farm.

♦♦♦

A Range of Reading

By Ruth Mather

The realization is spreading that our current magazines contain many short pieces of various kinds which, as well as the long serial articles and stories, it would be valuable to preserve in a more permanent form as books. Accordingly we have O'Brien's yearly anthology of short-stories, Braithwaite's of magazine poetry, and other collections. Now it is the *Atlantic Monthly* which follows the trend, and decides, under its own auspices, to confer the compliment of board covers upon those of its contributions which prove of especial interest and merit. The first production to receive tribute in this manner is an essay by Paul Shorey entitled "The Assault on Humanism," originally printed as a pair of articles in the June and July numbers of the *Atlantic*. These articles were written in answer to a paper by Dr. Abraham Flexner which appeared in the *Atlantic* last April under the title "Education as Mental Discipline." In his paper Dr. Flexner attacked the older pedagogy and expressed his convictions as to the idleness of teaching subjects in our schools such as can be advocated only on the ground that they train the child's mind, rather than that they afford him actual working materials for use in his later life. That Latin, algebra and the English classics should give place to studies of a more concrete nature in the curriculum, he, above all, maintained. Thereupon came the rejoinder of Professor Shorey, who teaches Greek at the University of Chicago and who, during his youth, received as a student of Lowell a sense of all that is noblest in the classical learning.

For him, in fact, the classics are, as he implies in his essay, a "personal religion," and it is with a consecrated ardor that he rises to their defence. He denies the humanists have ever laid much stress on a "mental discipline" argument in pleading their cause, and proceeds to justify their position on Dr. Flexner's own basis of "content value." Latin, he would have us re-



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flect, is no dead language, but one which makes up a large part of our English vocabulary to-day. We speak not English at all, as a matter of fact, but half Anglo-Saxon and half Latin, though referring to them under the common name. So, why should not school children be taught what to such a large extent is really their own tongue?—since, as Plato said, words alone are the keys for our finer and higher thoughts. That we must beware of false prophets preaching a new and shallow "educational science," Professor Shorey gives warning, and reminds us that, although the modernists may seek to apply their theories only "experimentally," nevertheless, for the children involved, such application is no experiment but actual experience. Such points Professor Shorey is able to make with a clear incisiveness, and also a virility the existence of which the modernists have questioned in adherents of the traditional school. Above all his literary style, showing evidences of his classic models, is so polished that it affords the very best argument, maybe, for a mastery as well as a retention of the learning which he advocates. Supporters of his theories will enthusiastically applaud their spokesman; opponents will respect his authority in his own field; and all others will enjoy his brief book, who can appreciate, upon a question which should be of widest popular concern, a readable and distinctive work.

As for British thought and feeling with regard to the war, one may gain knowledge of a great deal which is best in the contemporaneous spirit of that nation from a reading of "Faith, War and Policy" by Gilbert Murray (Houghton, Mifflin, Boston). The somewhat patchy nature of the title affords hint of the fact that it is a miscellaneous collection of articles and addresses originally prepared, for both British and American audiences, on the most varied occasions throughout the period between the commencement of the war and March of the present year; in this way it comes about that the only sequence of the volume is chronological. "Faith," in the title, refers to those papers of the collection interpreting the ideals which prompted England to enter and still sustain her in continuing the conflict, while "War" and "Policy" are, of course, descriptive of those portions of the work which deal with the more surface aspects of events.

That several of the earlier productions contain utterances which now seem like commonplaces is no indictment of them, but rather praise of the author's prophetic power, since at the time of their writing none but the clearest heads had been able to draw conclusions of any kind from the amazing body of facts which suddenly confronted us as to the world-situation. So it is with trust in Professor Murray's capabilities of judgment that one may examine his views upon matters which still remain doubtful, whether through wide differences in public opinion or the uncertainty of the future itself. Particularly with regard to the question of peace his forecast is interesting: "It is not likely that we shall be defeated in this war; on the other hand, it is not probable that we shall win an absolute

and crushing victory. . . For my own part I am prepared to approve of every item in the allied programme as stated . . . in the joint note to President Wilson. . . Every item is, I believe, in itself desirable. But . . . if the main objects can be achieved this year or next year, to go on fighting indefinitely, *a la* Northcliffe, would be the action not only of wicked men but of fools." He insists, moreover, that the war be prosecuted throughout its course in the same noble spirit of a true patriotism with which the earliest volunteers enlisted. In such pieces as "Herd Instinct and the War" and "The Evil and the Good of the War" he warns the allies lest through the strenuousness of the conflict they fall into the same error of hatred which, in the enemy, they are striving to combat. The whole book is, in fact, permeated with the plea for a reasoned magnanimity toward the foe, even amid the physical rage of battle.

Those articles and speeches dealing more purely with concrete political problems, such as "Ireland," "India and the War," "America and the War," and "The Sea Policy of Great Britain," are written from the standpoint of the Liberal party, and in the same peculiarly straightforward and interesting manner somehow characteristic of the English when they come to treat of historic and current questions. Certain humorists are suggesting the fact that the output of books on the war is ludicrously large, and it is to be feared as well, perhaps, that many of these multitudinous publications have little but their timeliness to recommend them; yet surely in years like the present few persons possess sufficient self-reliance as thinkers to straighten out for themselves all difficulties of the world-crisis, and this new volume of Professor Murray's will undoubtedly help much in defining the convictions of those less confident among us.

"A Chaste Man," by Louis Wilkinson (Alfred A. Knopf, New York). This novel belongs to that school of fiction with which all are familiar who read such periodicals as the *Smart Set*. In other words, it is a story well written, from the craftsman's point of view, but possessing, as regards tone and substance, a strange artificiality in its very lack of convention. Mr. Wilkinson is a literary critic, and perhaps that fact may account for the kind of thing he creatively produces. As in the case of other men of the *Smart Set* school—if that magazine will permit the use of the term—his work has brilliance, but seems the result of a stimulus from art itself rather than from the realities of life. Apparently, that is to say, a preoccupation with art as opposed to life is the cause on the part of these writers of a negative kind of plagiarism: the desire to say what no one else has said, in a manner which no one else has dared employ, dictates the entire creative policy. Not what is true, but what is new, is always subconsciously their motto, however much they may persuade themselves that they write purely in the interests of cosmopolitanism and the larger freedom. And so, with the studied attempt to be original at whatever expense, they make utterances so bizarre as oftentimes to be

absolutely immoral, except, perhaps, as applied to some single instance out of a thousand. In the case of Mr. Wilkinson's novel, however, one is not in the least convinced that the author proves his point, even with respect to the specific problem which he presents. The story is that of a husband who, unhappily married, has fallen in love with a very young girl: his passion for her, however, he suppresses, in obedience to the dictates of conventional morality, with disastrous results, eventually, both to the girl and himself. Mr. Wilkinson would maintain that it would have been far better for all concerned had the hero broken with his wife and made the girl his mistress. That the hero's chief grievances against his wife were hardly greater than his objections to the smallness of her eyes and to the fact that, in a playful mood, she happened to say "fizz" for "champagne," makes one question at the outset whether the hero was really justified in his feelings of conjugal animosity. Whatever its shortcomings, surely the whole marriage system need not be attacked simply because one finickily æsthetic and morbidly sexed man chances to feel it irksome—and a man, at that, for whom individually it is as hard to find excuse or sympathy as for Mr. Wilkinson's *Oliver Lawrence*.

❖
"A Pilgrimage With a Milliner's Needle," by Anna Walther (Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York), is a real life story, not fiction. Miss Walther describes her traveling experiences in their bearing upon the more personal aspects of her life as a whole. She was a Danish girl whose father lost his means, so she went to work in a millinery establishment. Not poverty, however, nor misunderstanding by unworthy companions, nor unhappiness in love, could destroy her determination to enact her dreams of adventure in foreign lands. At the slightest opportunity she self-sufficiently set out for regions unknown, and obtained situations in places she wished to visit, until ultimately she had sewed her way through France, Russia, Germany, South Africa and the United States, north and south. Her impressions of these countries are recorded in the same spirit of poignant enthusiasm with which she must originally have experienced them. "I do believe that I noticed everything," she says naively at one point, and her account does surely show an unusual faculty for the observation of detail. Whereas, on the other hand, her very charming and feminine ardor is balanced always by a sufficient power of intellectual discrimination. Like many foreign born, Miss Walther uses our language with a picturesque definiteness which results from the fact, no doubt, that she must choose her words more consciously than one to whom English is a hackneyed and conventional habit. Richard Le Gallienne writes a poeticaly interpretative preface for this volume, and his praise of it is not too high. The self-revelation of a brave, spontaneous and untrammelled personality is always of interest and inspiration.

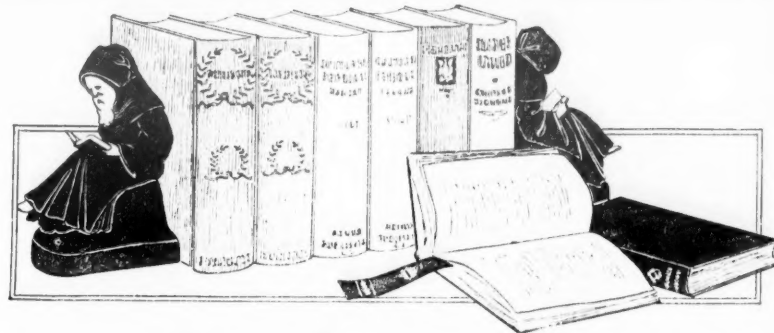
❖
The usual method of writing a popular novel seems to be to take a single character as a "star"—applying, in fact,

the practice of the modern commercialized stage to fiction writing. Many heroes and heroines of widely known "best sellers" are so much developed by their authors that were these works as commendably done in all respects, they would be raised to the rank of real literature. "Temperamental Henry" dominates the stage of Mr. Merwin's latest story (Bobbs-Merrill & Co., Indianapolis), and of him the author has achieved an excellent study. A boy of eighteen, *Henry Calverly, 3rd*, is at times a most unheroic hero, yet one's sympathies are always with him because his follies and vanities are but those of youth. His susceptibility to every girl he meets is at once exasperating and deliciously ludicrous, as are his attempts to play the prodigal cavalier on a salary of five dollars a week, three dollars of which amount he must contribute to his mother for board. The story, as set in a suburban city of Illinois, is realistically American. But, though Mr. Merwin's novel has the virtues, so also it has the defects of the average popular novel, some carelessness and crudity of diction in particular. Mr. Merwin should write more slowly and he would write better, for the stuff of thought and feeling and style is in him.

❖
"Four Days" by Hetty Hemenway (Little, Brown & Co., Boston), is a little story, not sixty pages long, which deals with an acutely emotional aspect of the war. It is an account of the marriage of an American girl and her English lover, who has but four days' leave for his honeymoon—and may it not prove, as well, for his whole married life?—before he must return to the front. Such a contrasting of the ecstasies of marriage with the pains of parting and death produces almost of necessity a story which it is excruciating to read. "Four Days" makes few intellectual pretensions but has much moving power, and will serve to renew that sense of the sufferings entailed in the war which it is the duty of all to keep alive and uncalledous.

❖❖❖ Books Briefed

William H. Schiefel, the author of "Brieux and Contemporary French Society" (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York) has succeeded very well in explaining to American readers the social themes treated by Eugene Brieux in his dramas, and the relation of his work to French society. The first chapter is a well-balanced biography of Brieux telling of his early poverty and struggles and of his growing power. One interesting point is that the successful author still is sympathetic with other poor and struggling authors, and shows it by carefully reading plays offered to him. The next chapter gives a list of his minor pieces and also a good idea of Brieux's conception of the drama. The thirteen chapters following form the body of the book and each chapter is devoted to special topics, so that the book becomes extremely valuable for anyone interested in some special phase of modern French life. The topics are as follows: Artists according to recent French literature; the *declassés*; the relation between parents



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These Many Years, by Brander Mathews.
American Adventures, by Julian Street.
A Short History of England, by Gilbert K. Chesterton.
A Pilgrimage with a Milliner's Needle, by Anna Walther.

Best Recent Books on the War

Private Peat, by Harold B. Peat.
Note Book of an Intelligence Officer, by Eric Wood.
All In It, or KI Carries On, by Ian Hay.
Under Fire, by Henri Barbusse.
Journal from our Legation in Belgium, by Hugh Gibson.
Fighting for Peace, by Henry Van Dyke.
Carry On, by Coningsby Dawson.
A Student in Arms, by Donald Hankey.

Novels of the Great War

Salt of the Earth, by Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick.
Soul of a Bishop, by H. G. Wells.
Missing, by Mrs. Humphrey Ward.
The Major, by Ralph Connor.
Christine, by Alice Cholmondeley.

Books of General Interest

The Rebuilding of Europe, by David Jayne Hill.
The Origin and Evolution of Life, by Henry F. Osborn.
Great Possessions, by David Grayson.
Unicorns, by James Huneker.
Diplomatic Days, by Edith O'Shaughnessy.
American Municipal Progress—new and revised—by Charles Zueblin.
Adventures and Letters of Richard Harding Davis.

Gift Books of This Season

Vagabonding Down the Andes, by Harry A. Frank.
Auburn the Naturalist, by Francis Hobart Herrick.
King Arthur, illustrated, by Arthur Rackham.
For France, America's Tribute to her Sister Republic.
Persian Miniatures, by H. G. Dwight.
The Hill Towns of France, by Eugenie M. Fryer.
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and children; politics in recent French literature; literature and science; marriage and the dowry; divorce; separation, and the child; adultery; the French magistracy; wet nursing; venereal diseases; the character of the French people; and religion. Each chapter illustrates a phase of the special subject as dealt with in the plays not alone of Brioux but of contemporaneous dramatists, and gives a summary of each play at enough length to afford the reader a good idea of it. This arrangement by chapters and the variety of subjects treated have resulted in a book that will be of interest not only to the lover of the drama and of literature, but also to the worker for child welfare, for woman suffrage, for any of a dozen or more uplift causes. It would be hard to find a subject that has not been treated by this voluminous author unless it is the question of race antagonism and party strife and, as many Americans would suggest who wonder why it is not treated, the status of the mistress, i. e., why the mistress flourishes in France, apparently, more than elsewhere. To the average American the chapters on the *declassés* and the dowry will be most interesting. Those interested in the mechanics of playwriting will find as much to interest them as will the sociologist. The author is at times severely critical of Brioux, but, upon the whole, fair.

Students of the modern drama will welcome Miss Louise Burleigh's book, "The Community Theatre" (Little, Brown & Co., Boston) as one of the most valuable of its kind. It furnishes a strong stimulus toward the establishment in every town of some sort of a community theatre; it shows the benefits that have accrued in towns where this has been done; and it sets forth, as well, directions by which the best results in community drama may be accomplished. The appendix contains a valuable and fairly complete list of the movements in this field that have been inaugurated in this country up to the present time, with their achievements, and gives evidence in plenty of the popular dramatic renaissance in America. There is sound speaking by the card in Mr. Percy Mackaye's prefatory letter to Miss Burleigh's work.

"Through the Iron Bars" (two years of German occupation of Belgium) by Emile Cammaerts, with cartoons by Louis Raemaekers (John Lane, New York) explains with definite instances and examples the crushing *schrecklichkeit* of the Teuton, how he has squeezed every possible penny out of the soil and the industries of that devoted country, with his methodical brutality, without being able to quench with all his power the indomitable courage and the eternal vitality of that race, which has astounded the world with the extent of its suffering and the depths of its love for freedom. The student of history will find here enough local color to make the book well worth his perusal, while the average reader will see clearly the evidence on which is based humanity's terrible indictment of Germany. Raemaekers' cartoons are powerful reinforcements of M. Cammaerts' indictment, but one has seen better cartoons

by Raemaekers. Or did we relish those earlier pictures more when they were newer?

Taccedledee, the malevolent dwarf of a circus sideshow, sets out upon an orgy of crime, accompanied by *Heracles*, the giant, and poor, half-witted *Echo*, the ventriloquist. The novel, "The Unholy Three," by C. A. Robbins (John Lane, New York), is the history of the dwarf's crimes, and is crowded with grotesque and weird situations. The style is clever, and absorbingly interesting; but the interest is due to bizarreness of incident rather than power of description. One sees too easily the strings by which his puppets are moved.

With his book, "Interpreters and Interpretations" (Alfred A. Knopf, New York), Mr. Carl Van Vechten opens a new field of adventure for the music-lover. Of the many biographies of musicians none has entered into so close an intimacy with the singer and dealt with the mental grip of her artistic conception of character. The main feature of the work lies in the chapter written upon and about interpretation, and in this field Mr. Van Vechten displays a deep insight into, and a rich acquaintance with, the mental processes of some of the foremost singers of the day.

The reading of the book will open the eyes of many who fondly imagine that a singer's interpretation is a matter of spontaneous creation rather than the result of long and careful building. The artists dealt with include Mary Garden, Olive Fremstad, Geraldine Farrar, Feodor Chaliapin, Yvette Guilbert, Nijinski, and Mazarin.

With a few notable omissions, Professor Clarke's collection of verse, "A Treasury of War Poetry" (Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston), contains the best of the British and American war verse. It is rather a pity that among the one hundred and thirty poems which comprise this admirable anthology room was not found for more examples from poetry of the newer schools. This volume contains glimpses of history yet warm from the making. The embryo prophet of literature, also, will find here much for meditation. Poems by Galsworthy, Masfield, Seeger, Brooke and Chesterton are included among others, and altogether the anthology furnishes most of the evidence upon which will be based the critical judgments of our poetic activity during these first three years of the war.

Mencken's Prefaces

The genuine contribution that is made by Mr. H. L. Mencken's volume, "A Book of Prefaces" (Alfred A. Knopf, New York), is "an anatomy and physiology of militant Puritanism" which has not been attempted before, at least in this country. And he reaches the conclusion that "No other nation has laws which oppress the arts so ignorantly and abominably as ours do." The one gleam of hope which he holds out is that we may be upon the eve of a new day.

"Ostensibly," he says, "the new laws

were designed to put down the traffic in frankly pornographic books and pictures. . . but, there was gradually built up a court-made definition of obscenity which eventually embraced almost every conceivable violation of Puritan prudery." In consequence of this "our fiction is marked by an artificiality as marked as that of eighteenth century poetry or the later Georgian drama."

"It may be," he concludes, "that a new day is not far off. . . We are sweating through our eighteenth century, our era of sentiment, our spiritual measles." And this is the point of view from which all the "Prefaces" are written. Conrad, Huxley, Dreiser, are all in advance of their time, the heralds of a new age.

"A Book of Prefaces" was written to serve as an introduction to the works of these three men; while the last essay includes an analysis, essentially Menckonian, of the spirit of present-day criticism. The book is like the sting of a whip across the backs of those who distrust new ideas and think of beauty as a "form of debauchery and corruption." He is himself a herald of a new day in criticism and, in his realm, Mr. Mencken might be called the American Shaw. His style is a little Shavian in its pungency and power of stating the ageless platitudes in a provoking way. He strips off the garments of sentimentality and shows what lies beneath them. Yet he does this without the sarcasm and causticity of Shaw.

The longest and most carefully written of the "Prefaces" is on Dreiser. It is for him that much of the cudgelling has been done. It is here that we find the most bitter contempt for the college professors who have cast the novelist out. There is no doubt that this essay, in spite of its Menckonian English, is the best appreciation that has been so far written upon Dreiser. "He is merely trying to represent what he sees and feels," says Mencken. "His moving impulse is no flabby yearning to teach, to expound, to make simple; it is that obscure 'inner necessity' of which Conrad tells us, the irresistible creative passion of a genuine artist, standing spell-bound before the impenetrable enigma that is life, enamoured by the strange beauty that plays over its sordidness, challenged to a wondering and half-terrified sort of representation of what passes understanding."

One gets a touch of the force and clarity of Mencken's style in his summary of Conrad; "One might well call him," he asserts, "if the term had not been cheapened into cant, a cosmic artist. His mind works upon a colossal scale; he conjures up the general out of the particular. What he sees and describes in his books is not merely this man's aspiration or that woman's destiny, but the overwhelming sweep and devastations of universal forces, the great central drama that is at the heart of all other dramas, the tragic struggles of the soul of man under the gross stupidity and obscene joking of the gods."

Running through the essay on Huxley is the tacit accusation that the American people have again driven their own artist abroad. As Poe found his recognition in France and England so

has Huneker. In the American lack of appreciation, Mencken finds another opportunity for railery, and one must forgive him for the truth he speaks. But it is in no spirit of railery that he asserts Huneker to be the mightiest of American critics.

♦♦♦

Coming Shows

Oliver Morosco's scintillating musical farce "So Long Letty," which has delighted the east for two years, will come to the Jefferson theatre next week. The cast is headed by Charlotte Greenwood in the role of Letty and includes a chorus of pretty girls who can sing and dance. A terpsichorean specialty by Cunningham and Clements and a special orchestra add to the pleasingness of the production.

♦

"The Knife," Eugene Walter's new play, will be given at the Shubert-Garrick next week by a company led by Norman Hackett and May Buckley. It tells the story of a Virginia heiress who disappeared on a shopping tour to New York. The search for her and the events which follow the discovery of the crime of which she has been the victim are related with the suspense, vividness and intensity which characterized Mr. Walter's work in "The Easiest Way," "Paid in Full," and "Fine Feathers."

♦

Double headers will be featured at the Orpheum next week: "America First," a patriotic spectacle presenting the parade ground at West Point, the foredeck of our new dreadnaught Pennsylvania and a scene at the Mexican border; and Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, the "grand old lady" of the stage, who in the fifty years of her career has played more than three hundred roles. She will appear as Foxy Grandma in a comedy called "Where There's a Will There's a Way." Other numbers will be Lew Brice and the Barr twins in a dancing act; John Swor and West Avery, negro impersonators; Charles Bennee and Florence Bird, singers; Ap-dale's zoological circus; and Josie O'Meers, tight wire artist.

♦

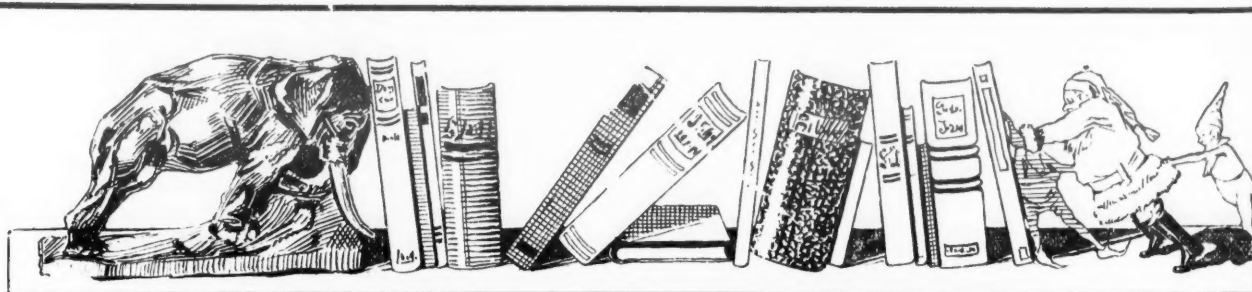
The 1918 Song and Dance Revue with Ford Hanford, Florence Ingersoll, Toots McConnell and eight beautiful chorus girls will head the bill at the Columbia next week. "Me and Mary" is a comedy sketch with a surprise finish; and other numbers are the three Alexes, equilibrists; Weber, Beck and Frazer, college entertainers; William Hollis and company in "The Admiral's Reception"; the two Pearsons in "A Touch of Legmania"; Lewis Piatti in an east side sketch; Balancing Stevens, talkative athlete; and the Universal weekly.

♦

"Come Back to Erin," an Irish comedy with an Irish star, William Lawrence, will be the attraction at the American the week commencing Monday. The scenes are laid in America and in Ireland. The play sparkles with humor, has a goodly heart interest, thrilling and forceful situations, and a number of old songs that are dear and new ones that appeal, sung by Mr. Lawrence.

♦

The International revue, a conglomeration of clever comedians, fine singers and dancers, pretty girls and elaborate scenic accessories will be the topline feature of next week's Grand Opera House bill. Other numbers will be a comedy playlet, "Who Owns the Flat"; Roth and Roberts, the wop and the cop; Simpson and Deane in a breezy bit of comedy; Lew Wells, saxophonist; Willie Missen and company, comedy jugglers; Edmunds and Lavelle, songs; Paul Bavens, "the human



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✧

"Speedway Girls," a series of novelties, will be the attraction at the Standard theatre next week. Each principal in the company is a top-notch in his particular line, each of the chorus of twenty is the rare combination of singer, dancer and beauty, the music is the best and newest the Jazz factory has produced, the book is from the pen of a burlesque expert, the costumes are the creation of an artist and the last word in smartness, and the carload of scenery comprises some of the most unique effects ever attempted. The Standard management therefore promise an excellent entertainment.

✧

Al Reeves with his beauty show will come to the Gayety next week on his twenty-sixth annual tour. His present offering includes a three-act farce showing "The Gown Shop," "Slumming" and the "Grand Ball Room in the Reeves Mansion." Mr. Reeves makes a specialty of assembling an unusually large and beautiful chorus which he puts forward as the most attractive element of the show. The company is headed by Dave Lewis who has returned to burlesque after several years with the Shuberts.

✧✧✧

Symphony

By Victor Lichtenstein

This article is not a criticism; it is an appreciation of the concerts of November 16 and 17. A symphony orchestra is not a mushroom growth but a slow and laborious evolution; and after ten years of intelligent and patient striving against great difficulties, Mr. Zach has at last succeeded in giving us a musical organization able to stand on its own feet and to interpret for us in no uncertain accents the great thoughts of the masters.

Noticeable was the remarkable improvement in the quality and warmth of the string section; this has been the chief defect heretofore in the work of the orchestra, although there has been a gradual and rational improvement from year to year. But at the first concert last Saturday night the general conclusion of musicians, laymen and professional critics was that never before had Mr. Zach succeeded in drawing out of his forces such a wealth and richness and sonority of tone, vibrating with courage and determination and fiery spirit. This was most marked in the "Scheherazade" by Rimsky-Korsakow; and as this composition demands string players, especially violinists, of unusual skill and finish, the performance may be regarded as a test of the final fitness of our orchestra to cope with the most modern problems in orchestral literature. The new concertmaster, Mr. Guzikoff, again had an opportunity to display his manifold talents as an artist; the "Scheherazade" recitative was declaimed with an opulence and beauty of voice, with a plaintively wistful accent reflecting most admirably the spirit of the old fairy-tale and the lovely nature of the young sultaness; his performance compared most favorably with any we have heard in the Odeon in this work, and Mr. Zach and the management are to be congratulated upon their lucky find.

Madame Louise Homer, American contralto, sang with the orchestra songs by Handel, Gluck, and her husband, Sidney Homer, giving great pleasure to an audience that filled the hall. The songs by Homer, excepting the first of the group, "Sheep and Lambs" were more in the declamatory style than in the purely lyrical vein of his earlier works. In this respect they resemble the *vers libre* of our contemporary poets. Berlioz's overture to "Benevenuto Cellini" and Smetana's symphonic poem

"The Moldau" completed a programme rich in moments of great beauty.

✧

The artist for the symphony concerts this week will be Harold Bauer, celebrated pianist, who in addition to the regular solo numbers will play the piano part of D'Indy's "Symphony on a French Mountain Air." This composition has never before been rendered in St. Louis, chiefly because of the difficulty of the piano part.

At the Sunday "pop" the popular

new leader of the 'cello section, Max Steindel, will be soloist. He will play "Kol Nidrei" by Bruch and "Polonaise de Concert" by Popper.

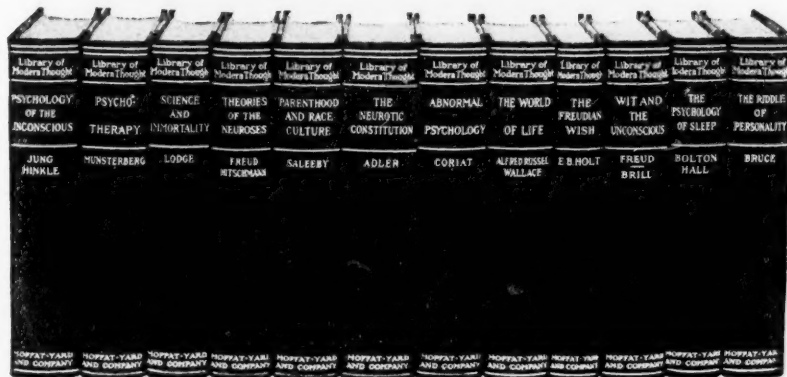
✧✧✧

It was in a churchyard. The morning sun shone brightly and the dew was still on the grass. "Ah, this is the weather that makes things spring up," remarked a passer-by casually to an old gentleman seated on a bench. "Hush!" replied the old gentleman. "I've got three wives buried here."

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How Germany Did Business

By A. Meyer

B. W. Huebsch (New York) has published a little book by a Russian, Mr. P. P. Gourvitch, on "How Germany Does Business" which reveals the interests, methods and activities of Germany in her economic relations with Russia and other foreign countries. Only one conclusion is possible: Germany's success is due to her "infinite capacity for taking pains" and to the apparent unity of purpose and action existing among her business men. As the author puts it, "The German international policy could be characterized as a union of bankers, professors, manufacturers, the foreign minister and the state itself formed on a purely business basis." The Germans realized that human nature is much the same the world over and that to secure the greatest profits for themselves it was necessary to attend first to the interests of their clients. To this end they "taught business to their customers, showed them how to become importers, introduced highly specialized instruments of banking, and opened the eyes of their customers to a world of things they had not seen before. Germans introduced fixed prices, communicated to their customers some sound principles of buying. They helped merchants to solve their problems of salesmanship, taught them publicity methods, and sound merchandising. . . . They made the necessary arrangements with banks, study of custom duties, freight and insurance rates, international law. . . . Sometimes they kept their own custom brokers in a distant port or land frontier. The duty of these custom brokers was to clear and pay the duties, to forward the merchandise to the customer, pay the inland freight, etc. . . . They established standards as to the smallest technicalities, as for instance, packing, charges, limit of time within which they might expect an answer to a letter, inquiry or order." Above all, the Germans were always strictly honest and honorable in their dealings with their clients. Moreover they created credits for their client, sometimes without his knowledge. They extended long terms—ninety days on open account, and often goods were delivered payable with the next order. This was not only a good sales argument but constituted a perpetual bond between the manufacturer and merchant. Such liberality of credit would have converted a mistake in judgment on the part of the exporter into serious disaster, had the Germans followed the English custom of selling only to the largest concerns. But the contrary was true of the Germans. Their policy was to seek out the smaller merchant whose credit line was perhaps only a thousand marks, and in determining this credit line, character and ability were large factors. Therefore the failure of a client—a rare occurrence—was but a small item to the exporting firm.

The manner in which the Germans selected their clients is indicative of the care marking their conduct of every branch of their business. An agent is

sent to a new field with a long list of small towns where their house could probably do business. He knows the names of the merchants in these towns and is supplied with information of their general standing. A walk through the town shows him his probable best prospects. He submits these to the leading bank, intimating that his house intends opening accounts with them, and secures confidential information from the banker. He also ascertains on which of these firms the bank would buy drafts. This enables him to approach the merchant for an order and at the same time finance him in it—without expense to the manufacturing concern. In the event the agent finds no demand for the goods manufactured by his firm he reports with an accurate description what goods are required—and his firm sets about making them!

But Germany's ingenuity was nowhere more cleverly demonstrated than in her banking system. Through the same patient attention to details which characterized her merchandising she was enabled to use English funds to finance her own exports. Later, when the system had grown, German banks were established whose prerogatives included financing, in addition to the shops, cables, railroads, mines. This produced a net work of interdependent companies whose interlocking directorates rivaled those of America. They followed the good old American practice also of placing in the honorary offices "retired generals and other ornamental and influential people" of the community, thus avoiding legal friction; for themselves they reserved the active management and the bulk of the profits. However they always paid the stockholders good dividends so that the voting proxies necessary for control might be readily forthcoming. The high finance customs of Americans and "the Huns" would seem to be somewhat similar! Corresponding to the American trusts are the German *Cartels*, whose export business Mr. Gourvitch assures us the German government encouraged by differential freight rates, by allowing an equal amount of imports duty free, and by fixing export prices on many commodities under the domestic. Concerning freight tariffs it is pointed out that in spite of the sacrifices in favor of exports "the German railroads were the only ones in the European continent which, though belonging to the state, returned profits in excess of fixed charges."

The author commends Germany highly for the excellence of her international commercial system and intimates a desire, for his country's sake, that America emulate it. He says quite frankly that Russians as well as all other foreigners in his experience vastly prefer dealing with German manufacturers and agents to those of any other country not excluding their own. He presents his facts concisely.



Applied Psychology

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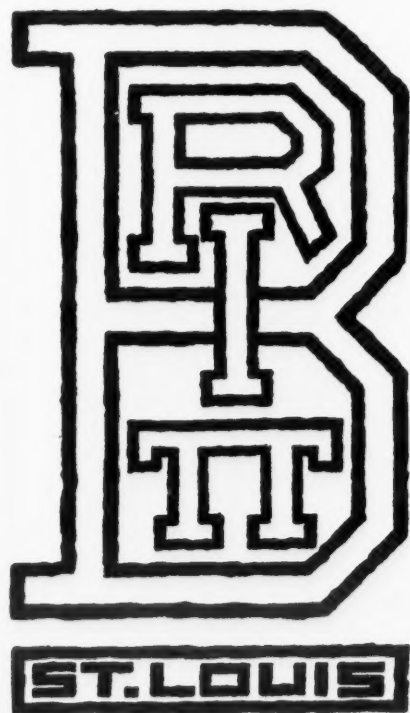
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practical sociology as well as for the whole new science of pedagogy.

But in spite of the immense human value of psychology and the vast literature of the subject, the general public has had little opportunity for accurate knowledge. The serious and worthy books are generally the product of the universities and have been written to serve as text-books for students who were to have the help of a teacher in their use of them. The popular books, on the other hand, have generally been written by mere dabblers in the science with a view to exploit a general curi-

osity rather than really expound the subject. Especially is this true in the departments of abnormal and applied psychology.

The very great merit of the book before us, "Applied Psychology," by H. L. Hollingsworth and A. T. Poffenburger (Appletons, New York), is that it is both scientific and intelligible to those who must read without the guidance and help of a teacher. It does not aim at breaking new ground but systematizes a field of investigation that, for the average man, has hitherto been very vague and unorganized. It formu-

lates the results of careful investigation and experiment in such a way that any intelligent person can apply the principles arrived at to himself or those about him. For the first time the man or woman who wants to know what light psychology can throw on everyday life has the opportunity of doing so by the reading of a single volume.

The first part of the book contains a message for all in its discussion of such physiological factors as fatigue, drugs, periodicity, posture, sleep, etc., and of such environmental factors as weather, temperature, illumination, ventilation, distractions, etc. The second part is rich in suggestions for the business man, the employer, the advertiser, the lawyer, the doctor, the social worker and the teacher. Indeed, every person who has to work with men, women or children will be better equipped for the daily task by the mastery of this comprehensive and suggestive volume.

Marts and Money

They have a quiet, narrow, irregular market on the New York stock exchange. It is the natural outgrowth of the long series of raids, shocks and spasms of liquidation since the end of July. Prominent quotations are mostly two to four points above recent low notches. Business shows considerable contraction, in consequence, partly, of the increasing severity of rules governing transactions. All members of the exchange are now required to submit clear daily statements giving the names and amounts of all stocks bought and sold, either for their own account or that of their customers. They must also submit the names of all traders. The principal object of these and prior regulations is to curtail the scope of operations for short account. It may be found necessary, by and by, to adopt additional restrictive rules. Fictitious sales should in present circumstances be limited to the utmost degree. They should be permitted only in cases where well-known and responsible parties wish to hedge against their long accounts for self-protecting purposes. Public utility issues still are under marked selling pressure. This can be said particularly of Peoples' Gas of Chicago, which, after rallying from 37 to 43, has relapsed to 36¾. That this stock should yet be liquidated in large blocks, despite a total break of over \$80 since October, 1916, is well worth pondering. It testifies to the existence of widespread distrust in the future of properties of this class. Careful students of affairs are especially struck with the fact that the latest sharp set-backs in the values of public service shares followed hard upon the New York election, which revealed astonishing growth in the socialistic vote. While it is likely that the deductions drawn from that event are entirely too precipitous and far-fetched, they have to be reckoned with for some time to come in all calculations regarding the future prices of stocks of the kind in question. Montana Power common is quoted at 63. It draws 5 per cent per annum. In December, 1917, Wall street was enthusiastically bullish in respect to this stock, which represents a magnificent

property in western Montana. The quotation was raised to 114½, to the accompaniment of firm predictions that 150 would be reached in the early months of 1917. The parties who thriftily sold Montana Power a year ago are undoubtedly repurchasing at the present time. Such at least has ever been the course of action on the part of calculating capitalism on the stock exchanges. Railroad stocks act a trifle better. They feel the helpful influences of the rising belief that the commerce commission will do the right thing in the very near future. Hopeful inferences are drawn, also, from the plea of President Rea, of the Pennsylvania, that the federal government grant financial aid to the railroad companies, in order to enable them to make urgently needed improvements and to buy such additional equipment as the increasing war traffic peremptorily calls for. In the course of his argument, Mr. Rea took occasion to remark that the credit of the Pennsylvania is still good. He may be right, but it is worth noting, just the same, that the company's shares are currently valued at only 47. Last January they were rated at 67¾. The par value is \$50. Computed on a par value of \$100, the decline indicated is equal to about \$40. The ruling quotation of 47 is the lowest in more than thirty years. When we study the quotations for Pennsylvania general mortgage 4½ per cent bonds, we discover a depreciation of thirteen points since the early part of 1916. I presume that what President Rea really meant to say was that the credit of his company still is *relatively* good. Even the Pennsylvania would find it an arduous task at this time to float a large issue of bonds or stock on truly encouraging terms. It was announced a few days since that the City of Piqua, O., had received no bids whatever for an issue of 5 per cent improvement bonds. Before January 1, 1916, such bonds would readily have been taken at a premium. In this connection it must be pointed out also that the 4 per cent Liberty loan has dropped from a slight premium to 98.10, while the 3½ per cent loan has recovered to 99.50, after a decline to 98.62. Apparently, capitalistic investors continue highly appreciative of the privileged status of the 3½ per cent bonds, so far as tax levies are concerned. The whole bond market is disquietingly sick. There's no use mincing words about the matter. The Anglo-French 5s, which were sold in the fall of 1915 at 98 to 98½, are down to 89¾. They mature in 1920, and bear the joint guaranty of the British and French governments. American Foreign Securities 5s indicate a decline from 99½ to 92½. They are generously backed by American, Canadian, Scandinavian and numerous other foreign securities. The idea prevails in banking circles that they are absolutely safe—as safe as the Anglo-French 5s. This notwithstanding, the securities are not immune to the down-pulling process that is asserting itself in all parts of the world. The war is a monster of frightful mien that is greedily devouring the accumulated wealth of the nations. There's plenty of money, we are told, in the New York market. For a little while, probably. There should be another tightening towards the close of

The year, when the great settlements and payments have to be made. January disbursements to owners of bonds, notes, and shares will be materially in excess of \$325,000,000. Wall street felt visibly elated over the news from Washington that the secretary of the treasury did not anticipate another large flotation of Liberty bonds before February. In the interim, certificates of indebtedness are to be issued, which will be especially suitable to the patriotic demands of people of modest resources. Latest variations in the rates for foreign exchange were not important. The Russian ruble is valued at 12 3/4 cents, against a recent minimum of 11 cents. The relative steadiness of Russian exchange is undoubtedly indicative of a belief in high financial quarters that conditions at Petrograd cannot possibly get worse than they are right now. A reasonable view, methinks. Italian exchange denotes a little improvement, as a result of optimistic theorizing about the arrival of British and French forces along the Piave. Drafts on London continue pegged at \$4.7525. The stability of this quotation is partly reflective of American advances to the British government. France exchange, likewise, feels the steadying effects of American support. Copenhagen lately reported a quotation of 10 cents for the reichsmark, against a normal rate of 24 cents. London financiers adhere to the opinion that Germany is fast approaching a complete financial collapse. On October 6, it is stated, the total amount of paper currency in the empire stood at \$4,042,500,000. This compares with only \$500,000,000 in July, 1914. The worst currency inflation exists in Russia. Germany ranks second, and France third. In the latter country they are about to float the third war loan, according to the London *Stock Exchange Gazette*: "Some authorities favor a 4 per cent issue, free of income tax, while others are convinced that the only offer likely to obtain adequate support from the public would be a 6 per cent perpetual rente, also exempt from income tax, but convertible at the end of a period of years into 5 1/2 per cent stock, redeemable at a premium by periodical drawings. Some critics assert that Parliament would never admit by a vote that the French state is reduced to borrowing at 6 per cent, free of income tax. The most effective reply to that argument seems to be that in this the fourth year of the war the resources of each of the belligerent powers are being strained to the utmost, and that the cost of everything, including money, is substantially higher now than at the beginning of the war."

The latest summary issued by the *Iron Trade Review* dwells upon the alarming curtailment of production by inadequate supplies of coal and coke. In various districts, we are informed, operating conditions have become well nigh unbearable, and blast furnaces are being banked right and left. An extraordinary, perplexing state of affairs, no doubt. It explains in an important degree the "heaviness" of leading steel stocks. United States Steel common continues quoted at 91 1/2, or about three points above the low level touched on November 8. There was a rather sharp decline the other day in the prices of

copper shares owing to the publication of the Utah Copper Co.'s quarterly statement, which put the selling price of the metal at 14 cents. Subsequently it was explained that this was simply a bookkeeping price, and that the metal was being sold in large quantities at the fixed quotation of 23 1/2 cents a pound. The reduction from \$1.50 to \$1.25 in the quarterly dividend of the Cerro de Pasco Copper Co. had but a transiently damaging effect on the copper group. Cerro de Pasco is rated at 30, or eleven points under the top mark set last February. The stock represents an American corporation, whose rich properties are located in Peru.

Finance in St. Louis

It was another dull week on the local stock exchange. Would-be purchasers were not numerous at any time. In some cases they submitted bids which were substantially below the prices asked by holders. Close students of things felt struck with the lack of bids for an unusually large number of stocks. There were sessions when even National Candy common, that has long been one of the most mobile features of trading, seemed to be utterly without a friend willing to manifest desire to own a small lot of it. However, quotations were steady in most instances where they did not remain purely nominal. Taken all in all, it was a cautious and transitory sort of a market, not much different in its essential aspects from that in Wall street. There was a fair demand for Brown Shoe common, transactions in which were concluded at 63.50 to 64. Last June sales were made at 74. The stock draws 6 per cent per annum. Some of the preferred stock was taken at 90, a figure indicative of a net yield of a little over 7 3/4 per cent, the dividend being 7 per cent. Some Hamilton-Brown Shoe common brought 127; fifteen Chicago Railway Equipment, 10.25; five Ely-Walker D. G. second preferred, 86; fifty Fulton Iron Works common, 40; \$2,000 Laclede Gas first 5s, 98.50, and two hundred Granite-Bimetallic, 46 1/4. The last-named stock has made pitifully poor response to the extensive rise in the value of silver. It sold at 80 last May, when the metal was still rated at about 60. The ruling silver quotation is 86. The recent maximum was 116 1/2. London and Washington, it is stated, have decided to prevent another sensational bulge. Whether they will succeed for any length of time remains to be seen.

United Railways issues are valued at or near prices previously effective. Demand has not been at all brisk lately. In the face of the difficulties confronting the company, and general financial confusion, inducements to buy the bonds and shares are anything but compelling. The quotations for bank and trust company shares are virtually unchanged. Ten Third National were sold a few days ago at the previous price of 230.

Latest Quotations

| | Bid | Asked |
|--------------------------|-----|---------|
| Merchants-Laclede Nat. | 250 | |
| Nat. Bank of Commerce | 109 | 110 1/2 |
| Mississippi Valley Trust | | 284 |
| St. Louis Union Trust | | 310 |
| United Railways com. | 5 | |
| do pfd. | 22 | 22 1/2 |
| do 4s | | 57 |
| St. L. & Sub. gen. 5s | | 61 |



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It's either retreat or advance. You are either richer or poorer today than yesterday.

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|----------------------------|--------|--------|
| K. C. Home Tel. 5s (\$500) | 85 3/4 | |
| St. Louis Cotton Compress | 39 | |
| Int. Shoe com | 96 | 97 |
| do pfd. | | 110 |
| Certain-teed com | 40 | 42 1/2 |
| do 2d pfd. | | 89 |
| Granite-Bimetallic | 46 1/2 | |
| American Bakery com | 10 | 11 |
| Hamilton-Brown | 127 | |
| Brown Shoe | 61 1/2 | 65 |
| do pfd. | 89 | |
| Fulton Iron com. | 43 | |
| National Candy 2d pfd. | | 102 |
| Chicago Ry. Equipment | 110 | 111 |



Answer to Inquiries

CAUTIOUS, St. Louis.—The 7 per cent preferred stock of the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co. is considered a good investment. The current quotation of 101

Evens & Howard

FIRE BRICK COMPANY

Manufacturers of

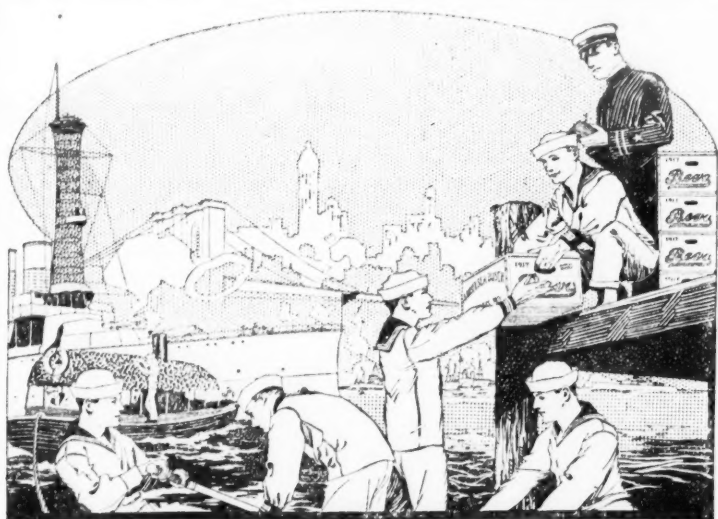
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seems cheap when compared with the high records of 1917 and 1916, the absolute maximum being 126 3/4. It may go still lower, however, if peace does not come at an early date. An indefinite prolongation of the struggle would necessitate further liquidation of vast



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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
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Engraved Invitations and Announcements, \$9.50 to \$42.00 per 100.

Engraved Calling Cards, \$1.50 to \$3.75 per 100.

Jaccard's
Ninth and Locust Sts.

holdings of investment paper. The company's earnings continue remarkably good. There's no danger of a cut in the regular common dividend of 12 per cent. The yearly extra payment of \$4 still is being earned, but growing taxation may force a reduction in 1918.

SUBSCRIBER, Las Vegas, N. M.—The current price of Chandler Motors—61—indicates serious doubt as to the stability of the existing dividend rate of \$8. It suggests the probability of a \$6 rate before long. If such a change were to take place, purchasers at 61 would get about 8¼ per cent net on their funds. So it would appear that the stock should be worth purchasing at or around this figure. The company is still doing a profitable business, but it has to reckon with increasing costs of material and labor, war taxes, and the uncertainties of compulsory changes in the automobile industry. All this notwithstanding, it must be remembered that the stock's value already has fallen from 131 to 56.

R. S. B., Camden, Ark.—California Packing is a speculation, and not par-

ticularly tempting at the ruling quotation of 34. It has a narrow market most of the time. There's some alluring talk, occasionally, as regards prospective earnings, but it has thus far been strikingly ineffective. However, the stock may yet develop into something of real and permanent value in the next few years, and it might not be a bad idea for you, therefore, to cling to your certificate a while longer, if you do not care to liquidate with a view to re-investing in something much more attractive at this time.

D. A. V., Warrenton, Mo.—The St. Louis & San Francisco prior lien series A 4 per cent bonds are not a high-grade investment. If they were, they would not be purchasable at 55. They merit attention, however, considering that they sold at 73½ in 1916, and that they come ahead of the series B 5s, and the adjustment 6s, and the income 6s. In August last the company declared a full year's interest, or 6 per cent, on the adjustment bonds, and a half year's interest, or 3 per cent, on the income bonds. The interest on the former issue is cumulative; that on the latter, non-cumulative. The low value of the prior lien 4s is largely the result of the deranging influences of war conditions on all financial markets.

PIKER, Omaha, Neb.—Elk Basin Petroleum, of Wyoming, is not cheap at the current price of 7. You should not buy goods of this kind for an investment, especially not in a time like this, when you have an almost infinite choice among stocks and bonds of permanent intrinsic merits and quoted at the lowest prices ever seen. Like most all mining stocks, oil shares are gambles. Rockefeller was a gambler when he put money into Pennsylvania fields. He was shrewd and lucky—that's all. And he had some power in politics and finance after he got his start.

H. J. P., Chicago, Ill.—You had better stick to your Cuba Cane Sugar common after a break from 76 to 25. The stock should make an important recovery by and by, though it will hardly rise to your point of 54 in the next six months. Dividends are not yet in sight.

♦♦♦

The Empire of the Hapsburgs

War seems to be in some cases a very healthy medicine. The sick man of Europe at the Bosphorus for whose death everybody was waiting recovered in a short time in an amazing way. And the same is the case with the other patient, Austria-Hungary. When the war broke out, everybody, not only on this side of the Atlantic, expected to see this polyglot empire crumble to pieces, its twenty different nationalities arising, one after the other, against the Hapsburgs. But nothing of the kind happened and at this moment, after more than three years' fighting, the old, decrepit empire is still vigorously alive. How was it possible that everybody was mistaken in his judgment in this astonishing way? Not even China, the author of "Austria-Hungary, The Polyglot Empire" (Stokes, New York) Wolf von Schierbrand answers, is so universally misunderstood as Austria-Hungary. So he goes forth to show in a short, but very clear sketch of

the history of the dual monarchy, how it came into existence and gradually developed to the empire it now is. At widely different dates the various parts became attached to the state. This fact and the great differences in the geographical and economic features of the various parts of the country resulted in correspondingly great differences in the social and intellectual development of the nationalities which live together in the monarchy. The theory of the "melting pot" could not work there. No serious attempt has ever been made or could have been made to weld the incongruous fractions, these widely differing races, into a homogeneous whole. The big problem after the war, as well as before the war, will remain the question of the nationalities. The author blames the entente powers for having encouraged Russia and Roumania in advancing their claims to Hungarian territory which resulted in turning Hungary into a unit in favor of the utmost resistance. Otherwise, if they had guaranteed to Hungary her territory, he thinks, a complete severance of Hungary from the Austrian yoke would have been easily obtained. Now it is too late. As to the other nationalities, he thinks, Vienna will adopt the policy of attempting to satisfy the aspirations of the Slavs and Roumanians for complete autonomy. That will mean greater decentralization instead of greater centralization. The author knows how to prove this political thesis by added pictures of the economic and social situations. Besides this he gives a very vivid picture of Austria-Hungary during the war, describes the economic troubles and their remedy, tells about the life of the prisoners of war whom he had visited in different prison camps and includes scenes from the refugee camps and barrack towns where the fugitives from Galicia and the Italian frontiers were quartered. Throughout the whole book one feels everywhere that the author speaks out of his own experience and tells only what he himself has observed. Wolf von Schierbrand in the early 1880s was a reporter in St. Louis for *Die Westliche Post*.

♦♦♦

The mistress of the house entered the butler's pantry quietly. "James!" she said, severely. The butler looked up with a guilty flush. "James," she asked, "how is it that whenever I come into the pantry I find your work only half done, and you lying down reading the newspaper?" "Well, madam," the butler answered, "I should say it was on account of them soft-soled shoes you usually wear, ma'am."

♦♦♦

Joshua Pringle, whose wife went away a year ago last October to stay till Saturday, and who has not yet returned, has sued for divorce. Joshua says a woman is always late in keeping an appointment, but if she doesn't show up in a year there's no use waiting for her.—*Topeka Capital*.

♦♦♦

The quiet-looking boy at the foot of the class had not had a question. His teacher propounded him this one: "In what condition was the patriarch Job at the end of his life?" "Dead," was the calm response.—*Providence Journal*.

New Books Received

Orders for any books reviewed in REEDY'S MIRROR will be promptly filled on receipt of purchase price, with postage added when necessary. Address, REEDY'S MIRROR, St. Louis, Mo.

AUDUBON, THE NATURALIST, by Francis Herbert Herrick. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

An illustrated history in two volumes of Audubon's life and time by the professor of biology in Western Reserve University. A very complete work, with chronology, bibliography, index and numerous illustrations from photographs and drawings.

THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET by McLandburgh Wilson. New York: Macmillan & Co.; 50c.

Patriotic verses and jingles.

AMATEUR AND EDUCATIONAL DRAMATICS by Evelyn Hilliard, Theodora McCormick and Kate Oglesbay. New York: Macmillan & Co.; \$1.

The practical and technical points of the production of plays treated from a popular standpoint, showing briefly how to make amateur dramatics successful. Illustrated from photographs.

THE HEART OF THE PURITANS by Elizabeth Deering Hanscom. New York: Macmillan & Co.; \$1.50.

Selections from letters and journals, revealing in their own words the inner temper which governed the Puritans' acts. Illustrated and indexed.

A SHORT HISTORY OF ENGLAND by Gilbert K. Chesterton. New York: John Lane Co.; \$1.50.

A popular history of England written from the standpoint of the common people. A series of brilliant essays.

CALIFORNIA COOKBOOK compiled by Sarah Williamson. San Francisco: Town Talk Press. Recipes proved in California kitchens.

SPHERICAL BALLOONING by P. J. McCullough. St. Louis: The Mangan Press; \$1.00.

Elementary instructions in ballooning.

STUDIES IN ENGLISH DRAMA edited by Allison Gaw. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Six essays on the English drama, critical and constructive: Tuke's adventures of five hours in relation to the "Spanish Plot" and to John Dryden, by Allison Gaw; Heywood's "Fair Maid of the West," by Ross Jewell; "The Valiant Scot" by "J. W.," by John Linton Carver; Sir Ralph Freeman's "Imperiale," by Charles Clayton Gumm; the Cenci story in literature and in fact, by Clarence Stratton; and function and content of the prologue, chorus and other non-organic elements in English drama, from the beginnings to 1642, by Martha Gause McCaulley. Originally written in partial fulfillment of the degree of doctor of philosophy in the graduate school of the University of Pennsylvania.

PRIVATE PEAT by Harold R. Peat. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co.; \$1.50.

A Canadian soldier's account of his two years' service in France. Illustrated.

BEGGAR AND KING by Richard Butler Glaeser. New York: Yale University Press; \$1.

A first volume by a poet who has contributed some excellent poetry to the MIRROR.

SHALL J. P. MORGAN OWN THE EARTH? by Jack Pansy. Grand Rapids, Mich.: Box R. M. 307; 50c.

A booklet revealing the machinations of the money trust, predicting that Morgan will corner the money market and cause a panic upon the conclusion of the war, and recommending that nation-wide publicity be given the methods of the money trust so that the people will force Congress to enact legislation which would remedy present conditions. Advocates a tax on large incomes and a graduated inheritance tax.

TRADE UNIONISM IN THE UNITED STATES by Robert F. Hoxie. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$2.50.

An analysis of the psychology of wage-earners as seen in the policies and methods of labor unions, illustrating the great difference in unions and the complex character of labor problems. Indexed.

LUSTRA by Ezra Pound. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$1.50.

Mr. Pound's first American book since 1912. Contains a number of poems on modern subjects, translations from the Fenollosa Chinese MSS., and three long cantos which have not been included in any of the English editions of his work.

HADDA PADDA by Gudmundur-Kambam. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$1.

An Icelandic play in four acts which has made a very successful tour of the Scandinavian countries.

VANGUARDS OF THE PLAINS by Margaret Hill McCarter. New York: Harper & Bros.; \$1.40.

A romance of the old Santa Fe trail. Illustrated.

OTHERS by Alfred Kreymborg. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$1.25.

An anthology of the new verse. All of it unique, much of it genuine imagism.

THE ART THEATRE by Sheldon Cheney. New York: Alfred A. Kreymborg; \$1.50.

A discussion of its ideals, its organization and its promise as a corrective for present evils in the commercial theatre. The little theatre considered as a step toward something better. Illustrated and indexed.

BEATIN' EM TO IT by Chester Cornish. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$1.

The humorous adventures of a Chicago "drummer" selling his wares in a mythical Asiatic country. Illustrated by Alfred J. Frueh, formerly cartoonist of The St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

FIFTEEN THOUSAND USEFUL PHRASES by Grenville Kleiser. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co.; \$1.60.

A practical handbook of felicitous phrases, similes, and literary, commercial and conversational terms for the embellishment of speech and writing, designed for public speakers, writers, business men. Introduction by Frank H. Vizetelly. The volume includes instructions on its proper use.

THE GLORY OF TOIL by Edna Dean Proctor. Boston: Houghton-Mifflin Co.

Poems by a poetess of established reputation.

OUR DEMOCRACY by James H. Tufts.

Prepared to enable the citizen to understand democracy. The book traces the ideas and principles of democracy from their origins as found in the study of history, sociology and politics and shows their growth and development. Indexed.

THE PARISH THEATRE by Rev. John Talbot Smith. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; \$1.

A brief account of its rise, present condition and prospects, to which is added a descriptive list of one hundred choice plays suitable for the parish theatre.

WITH THE COLORS by Everard Jack Appleton. Cincinnati: Stewart Kidd Co.; \$1.

Poetry designed to express and inspire patriotism.

AT THE SIGN OF THE OLDEST HOUSE by Juliet Wilbur Tompkins. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co.; \$1.50.

A charming romance. Illustrated.

THE GOSPEL OF BUDDHA by Paul Carus. Chicago: The Open Court Co.; \$1.

The common ground of Buddhism, disregarding the various sects. Twelfth edition, illustrated by Olga Kopetzky.

MICHAEL, BROTHER OF JERRY, by Jack London. New York: Macmillan & Co.; \$1.50.

A fascinating dog story written in protest against the trained animal acts of the theatre. Frontispiece by Mountfort.

ROSES AND REBELLION by Robert de Camp Leland. Boston: Four Seas Co.; 75c.

Free verse on free love.

NON-TECHNICAL CHATS ON IRON AND STEEL by LaVerne W. Spring. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.; \$2.50.

An intimate history of the iron and steel industry written by the chief chemist and metallurgist of the Crane Co. from many years' practical experience. Numerous illustrations and drawings.

THE HUMAN SIDE OF BIRDS by Royal Dixon. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.; \$1.60.

Birds studied in their similarity to the human race—as to disposition, character, emotions, social and civic life. Illustrated in colors and in black and white. A companion book to "The Human Side of Trees" and "The Human Side of Plants."



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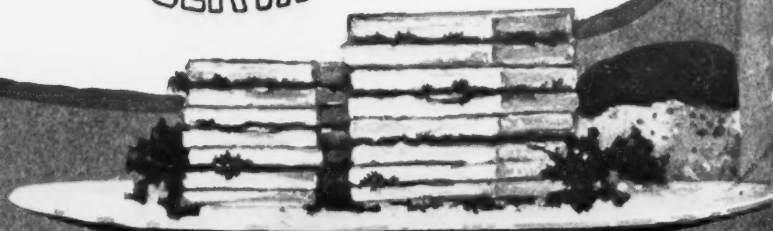
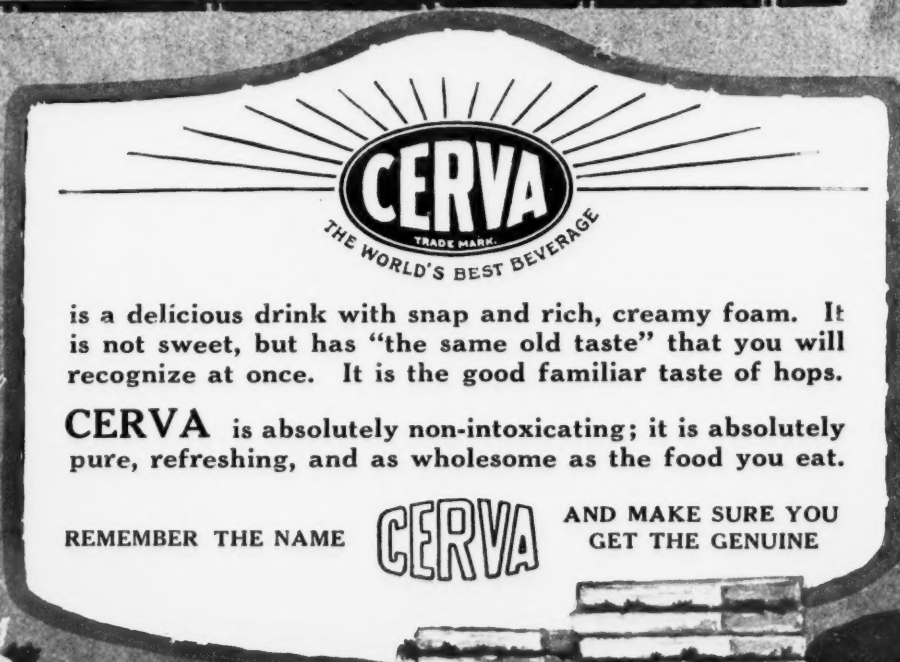
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